

The American Girl

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Ralph Henry Barbour ♦ Augusta Huiell Seaman ♦ Samuel Scoville, Jr.
Edith Ballinger Price ♦ Ethel Cook Eliot ♦ Properly William MacMillan

JANUARY

of
Girl Scouts, Inc.

1926

Are You a Winter Camper?

IF you are—and almost every Girl Scout is these days—THE AMERICAN GIRL offers you a chance to get useful equipment absolutely without expense to you. All it requires is some of your spare time in securing new subscribers for THE AMERICAN GIRL. This will be easy, because our magazine is so good that no girl can do without it. Just a little of your spare time and these indispensable articles will be yours. Your effort will bring you lasting pleasure.

Mess Kit

Official mess kit of heavy seamless aluminum is a complete eating and cooking outfit. Consists of fry pan with folding handle, covered cooking vessel, drinking cup, fork, spoon and stew pan, which can be used as plate and bowl too.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining nine new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl or seven two-year subscriptions.



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No camper or hiker can afford to be without a flashlight. This useful premium has a black vulcanized case with polished plated fittings. It is indispensable in your tent and at home. You must have one, too, for studying your star chart in your work for the star gazer's badge.

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Find your way in the woods with this open face, watch type compass. Nickel finish, luminous face, revolving dial. A high-grade instrument.

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Blanket

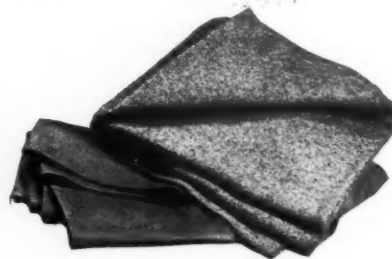
This gray blanket is warm because it is all wool; it is durable because it is well made. It weighs four pounds.

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This poncho of olive tan rubber on tan sheeting should be in the kit of every camper and hiker.

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**Send in each subscription
as you secure it.**

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	\$1.50 subs.	\$2.00 subs.
Coat Sweater . . .	20	15
Slip over sweater	18	14
Bugle	12	9
Canteen	7	5
Toilet Kit	6	5
First Aid Kit . . .	7	5
Handkerchief . . .	1	..
Haversack	7	5
Sheath Knife . . .	4	3
Sewing Kit	1	..
Sun Watch	3	2
Wrist Watch . . .	11	8
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Axe

Hand axe in leather sheath, with blade of finest tempered steel. Hickory handle. Light in weight. Easy to handle.

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Follow these Directions

We do not offer one and two-year subscriptions for the same premium. Send in all of one or all of the other for any premium you may choose. Before asking for the gift of your selection be sure that you have the right number. Under each article we give the correct number of one and two-year subscriptions required.

When you have secured a new subscriber for us, write down her name and address plainly, together with your own name and address and your choice of premium. Send it to us immediately, enclosing a check or money order in payment for the subscription. We can thus start our new reader's AMERICAN GIRL subscription at once, thereby avoiding complaints to you and us. We will credit the amount towards your premium.

THE AMERICAN GIRL, Girl Scouts, Inc., 670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

The American Girl

ALICE WALLER, *Managing Editor*

Edited by HELEN FERRIS

ELLIOTT P. HENRY, *Advertising Manager*

A magazine for all girls

Vol. IX

January, 1926

No. 1

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Your New Year Will Be Happy

If you are an "American Girl" subscriber for

1926

Titles such as these

- The River Acres Riddle
(Our new mystery serial)
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(A boy and girl, high school story)
The Duckbill
(A thrilling animal story)
The Rain God's Revenge
(Adventure in the Southwest)
For the Good of the Team
(A Barry story)

Authors such as these

- by AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN
(A mystifying author)
by KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR
(An "American Girl" favorite)
by SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.
(A master of the animal story)
by ALIDA SIMS MALKUS
(Author of "The Lost River")
EARL REED SILVERS
(Who certainly knows school athletics)

Features such as these

- Our Athletics Series
International Issue
(Stories of girls around the world—Pictures)
Our Camera Contest—Original Valentines—Recipes
Girl Scout News and Pictures

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Along the Editor's Trail

A Happy New Year

SO much that is new is going to happen in 1926 with *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. And this is one of them—the Editor's Trail has made a horse-shoe curve, for Good Luck, of course, and has landed right up in the front of the magazine! I, for one, do not in the least object to the trail's meanderings. In fact, I am very glad for them because this is our page, together, and naturally I am pleased to have you see it when you first open the magazine.

There is so much for us to talk over that the trail comes bump! to the end of the page before I know it. But there will always be room, I know, for me to tell you of the interesting boys and girls and older people whom I am meeting. And to discuss with you our own magazine which you and I are making together.

One very important event in the history of the magazine has been the first meeting of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* Editorial Board. In November, five girls and I met to talk over *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. We certainly did talk! We talked about our stories and whether the girls they knew really liked them. We discussed whether you would care to have a page which will be written about what girls are thinking of—you know, about whether it is worthwhile to try to be popular, and questions like that. Every month during 1926 I am going to meet with an Editorial Board and with as many different Editorial Boards as I can get around to. I wish you were all near enough to come in! But remember, there is always the mail and you are my Assistant Editor, wherever you are. What is to come in the magazine in 1926 will be chosen entirely by you. When we have our mystery serial by Augusta Huiell Seaman—goodness! haven't I told you that one is coming? It is, starting in February. That's good news, isn't it? Well, when you see it, you will know we are having it because you asked for it. And so on. The Editorial Board will also discuss whether we have selected just the kinds of stories which you meant when you wrote to me about them. Do you see?

In November the girls on this Board thought one of our most popular pages in 1926 is certain to be our Good Looks

page, by Hazel Rawson Cades, of the *Woman's Home Companion*. There is nothing Miss Cades doesn't know about which girls should wear plaids and which girls look better in stripes and all kinds of questions that bother us all when we look in the mirror!

Yes, this is going to be our talk-it-over-together page. And I rather think that I am going to be very partial to it. But don't tell! Because an Editor should never be partial to any page, should she?



You are my Associate Editor

Please! Send in some good jokes for our joke page. They need not be original ones. In fact, you may copy them from any newspaper or magazine so long as you tell me where you found them. I do need them so much and so few of you have mailed any to me. Put at the top of your letter, "The funniest joke I have found or heard this month."

I want you to know, too, as my Assistant Editor, that our poem on page six this month is from the book, *The Skyline Trail*, by Mary Carolyn Davies, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

And what fun! Our Camera Contest is now in full swing—with plenty of time for you to enter. Read about it on page 26.



A College Girl I Met

I wish you could know her, too, this college girl whom I met when I recently visited Vassar, where I myself graduated many, many years ago. Her home, she told me, is in a very small New York State town. Very few of the girls there go away to college. But this girl has a cousin who, long ago, went to Vassar, and so she determined to go. There wasn't enough money in the family to send her. In fact, there was no money which could be spared at all. She earned all she could while she was in high school. But all that she could accumulate was not a great deal more than was necessary to pay for her railroad fare and her new clothes.

Can you imagine having that much courage—leaving your home, going alone to a strange place—all because you had a dream? That is what this girl did. And this is what happened then. When she arrived at Vassar, she learned of a former professor's wife who would give her room and board in return for her help about the house. The girl accepted promptly. She also applied for a scholarship, which would pay her tuition, and because her work in the high school had been good (although by no means brilliant) and because she passed her entrance examinations creditably, she received the scholarship. Last summer she cared for two small children and so earned enough to buy her new clothes and for spending money.

I wish you could have talked with her beside the fireplace, as I did. She is a merry girl, with a dancing twinkle in her eyes. As we chatted, I realized that what she is doing is not easy, by any means. She rides her bicycle to and from the college—and must get up early in the morning in order to get her work finished in time. She must hustle back from the college in the late afternoon to cook dinner—just when the other college girls are going out on the hockey field or are practising for the latest college play. She could easily be very down-in-the-mouth about all that she must do when other girls are free to play. But she isn't—at least, she didn't let me know it if she is. Instead she talked to me about those other girls, back home, who are not having any of the good times and the interesting classes of college. She thinks she is always going to enjoy life more because she has attended Vassar. And her eyes were especially twinkly when she told me that she is even squeezing time in the late afternoons (with the help of the professor's wife) for rehearsals of the Sophomore play in honor of the Freshmen. She is to be a Sophomore Mouse, it seems, in the Mouse Chorus! Here's to you, Mouse!

And if you are thinking of going to college, write now to the Dean there for information about scholarships.

Helen Lewis

The most popular girl in your school



CAMELIA SABIR, Olympic Hurdle Champion, wearing The Man O'War Middy

ISN'T she the one who is interested in all the school activities? She is probably an athlete. She certainly has heaps of personality. Nine chances out of ten she was one of the first girls in your school to adopt the trim Man O'War Middy. It is just the style that up-and-doing girls like.

The Man O'War Middy is different—distinctive. It has attracted many Girl Scouts and American school girls because it fills a long felt want. For years, young ladies who wore middies for school and camp activities have been resorting to makeshift methods to convert the ordinary, old fashioned middy into a trimly fitting garment. No wonder the Man O'War Middy "took" from the start, with its sloped sides and smartly tailored appearance. It is no longer necessary to pin the sides in to make the middy fit the figure. The smart Man O'War fits snugly about the hips and has a generous hem at the bottom, so that it may be worn in co-ed style or attractively bloused.

Best of all, the Man O'War Middy is inexpensive but you will recognize it as a real quality garment. The middy illustrated at the left is made of extra quality, super-white jean. It has a roomy pocket, a convenient tie loop and box-pleated cuffs on sleeves. The price is \$1.50. Ask for the Man O'War A-11 Middy.

If there is no store in your town handling the Man O'War Middy, write the manufacturers and they will see that you are supplied. They are,

BRANIGAN, GREEN & CO.

Originators of the Sloped Side Middy

1511 Guilford Ave., Baltimore, Md.



This label is a guarantee of quality—Look for it

EVERYTHING FOR SCHOOL; CAMP OR GYM



From an etching by Rodney Thomson, "The Bronx River in Winter"

Be Different to Trees

The talking oak
To the ancients spoke.

What truths I know
I garnered so.

But any tree
Will talk to me.

But those who want to talk and tell,
And those who will not listeners be,
Will never hear a syllable
From out the lips of any tree.

—From "The Sky Line Trail"
By Mary Carolyn Davies

The Lady and the Gnat

By RALPH HENRY
BARBOUR

Illustrations by
Harrison McCreary



NAT BEN-
TON, his
chilled hands
wrapped in a fold of
his old blue sweater,
his skates and hockey
stick sagging under
one elbow, turned in-
to Chestnut Street in
the early dusk of a
January evening. At
the same instant Nan
Morris, skate-bag
swinging from a
gloved hand, turned
into Prospect Street.
The result was an
encounter not espe-
cially welcome to the
former. The tune he
had been monotonously
whistling all the
way from the rink
ceased abruptly and
his brown eyes flick-
ered apprehensively.

"I'll be very pleased to go to the dance with you—under those conditions. Good night!"

"Why, hello, Nat! Are you only just now going home?"

Nan stopped. So, perforce, did Nat.

"Hello," he answered, strangely unenthusiastic. His gaze fled swiftly from the smiling face before him to the small brick house half-way along the block. For the moment Nat was a home-body.

"Aren't you late?" continued the girl. She was nearly Nat's age, which was sixteen, and she was pretty. At least Nat thought so; and so did Phil Terrill and many another Warnerville boy. "Have you been practising all this time? I shouldn't think you could see!"

Ignoring the questions, Nat's gaze shifted to the skate-bag held in one gloved hand. "You been down to the river?" he inquired.

"Yes. The ice was wonderful, and——"

"Uh-huh. How come you're alone? Phil fall in and drown?"

"I haven't seen Phil," she answered with great dignity. "Besides—— Why, Nat, what happened to your cheek?"

Dignity gave place to lively concern. Nat shuffled his feet. His eyes traveled on down the street.

"Nothing," he muttered.

"Nothing! I should say 'nothing'! It looks awful!"

He was quite aware of the fact and resented it. "Well, it was just—just an accident." Then, being truthful, he added, although a bit reluctantly, "Sort of."

"Were you hit with a stick, Nat?"

He pondered a moment. Then, "No, I wasn't," he answered bitterly. "Phil Terrill soaked me!"

"Phil Terrill! You mean——" Nan's voice sunk to a horrified whisper—"that you and Phil were fighting?"

Nat laughed mirthlessly. "No, I don't. I mean he called me names and I shied a hunk of ice at him. He's always calling me 'Sourfly.' Thinks he's funny, the big boob. Says I'm too small to be a 'gnat.' So I lammed him with a hunk of ice."

"Well, but——" Nan

sounded puzzled. "I mean, I don't see how if you threw the ice you got hurt!"

"You don't, eh?" Nat sniffed. "Well, he chased me around the house. And I tripped and he—caught me."

"But you said you didn't fight!"

"Doggone it, I didn't! I'd look fine trying to fight that big piece of cheese, wouldn't I? He's heaps bigger than I am, and years older, and—well, I guess I've got some sense!"

"Then what did happen?"

"Well, he got me down and sat on me and handed me this, the big boob!" Nat felt gingerly of his swollen cheek.

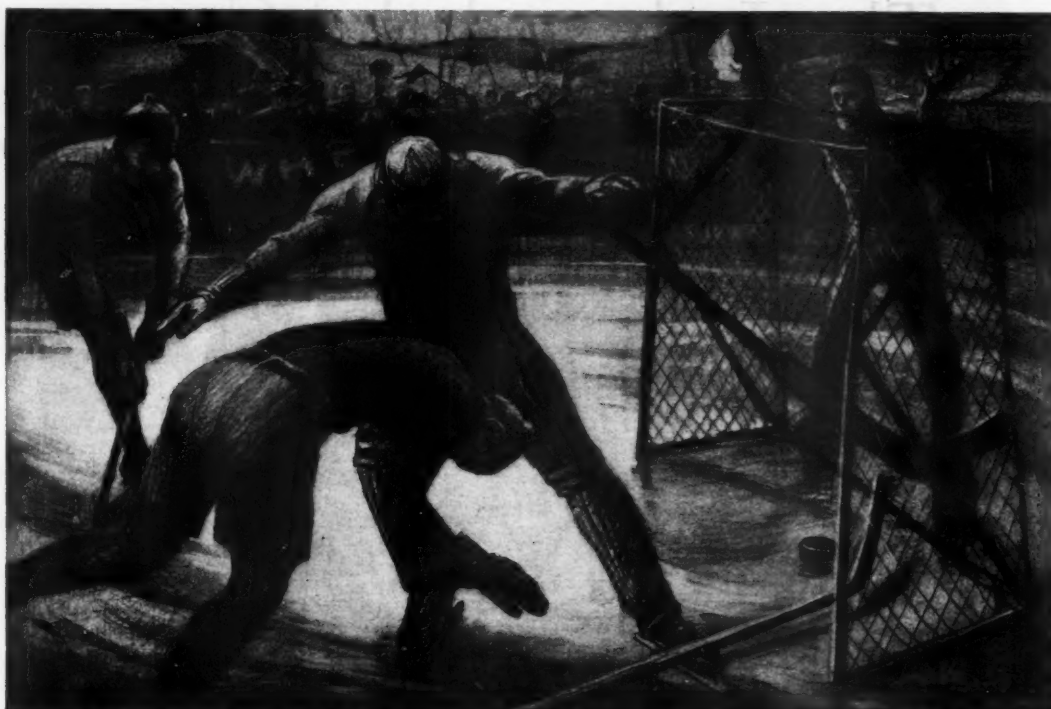
"I think it's disgusting," declared the girl. "I don't see why you can't let Phil Terrill alone. You and he are forever——"

"Gosh, I like that! Why don't he let me alone? That's a fine crack to make!" Then, suddenly switching from indignation to accusation, "Say, when it comes to that, why don't you let him alone?"

"Me? Why, Nathaniel Benton!"

"Yes, you! Aren't you always chasing around with him? Didn't you go to Nell's party with him last week, the big coot? Didn't he walk home with you yesterday? Huh!"

"What if I did? Why shouldn't I? Phil Terrill's a



Then he went down hard, the goal-tend sprawling above him. But the puck lay just inside the cage!

gentleman. He is well-mannered, and that's more——"

"Sure! I know! I'm not!"

"I didn't say that," exclaimed Nan quickly. "I do wish you wouldn't always try to quarrel. As for Phil, I hadn't seen him for weeks until last Tuesday! And yesterday he met me coming home and—just walked along. So now!"

Nat tapped a snow-encrusted shoe with his stick for a moment. Then, in a more gracious tone, he said, "Well, what about tomorrow night? I mean, are you going with that big—with Phil?"

"To the Class Dance?" Nan hesitated. "Well, I haven't decided."

"Oh! Well, look, Nan, I didn't mean to say—to be—Say, go with me, will you? Aw, come on, Nan! Gee, you haven't let me take you anywhere for months! Ever since that big piece of cheese butted in. Will you?"

Nan considered. "I will on one condition, Nat," she finally replied. "No, two conditions."

"First, you're to stop quarreling with Phil Terrill."

"I guess I'd let him alone if he'd let me alone," muttered Nat.

"The other is that we win the hockey game tomorrow."

Nat's laugh was hoarse with irony. "I knew there'd be a string to it! That's a swell condition! You know mighty well we haven't got a chance! Why don't you say right out you don't want to go with me?"

"How do you know you haven't got a chance?" Nan demanded. "We beat Maynard last week, didn't we? I don't see how you can talk that way. I should think you'd stick up for your team!"

"That's all right," answered Nat doggedly. "We licked Maynard, but that isn't saying we can lick Maple Park. Why, those fellows have a regular coach! And look who they've got on their team, Terrill——"

"You just said he was a—a 'piece of cheese'!"

"Just the same," Nat muttered, "he can play hockey."

"He doesn't play any better than Steve White, or make a better captain. Nat, you're just scared of Phil!"

"I am not! If he was my age, and—no bigger than me, I—I'd lick the tar out of him, the big——"

"What if he is bigger and older? Seems to me if I disliked another boy I'd try to *beat* him, and not go around saying I couldn't!"

"Well, I just can't. Oh, I can skate as well as he can, but he's been playing heaps longer. And he's heavy, and tricky, too. He's a big swelled-head, all right enough, but he can play better hockey than I can; better than most fellows, for that matter."

"No wonder you don't expect to win!" said Nan scathingly.

"Aw," muttered Nat, "you don't understand. Listen——"

"I understand this much," interrupted the girl spiritedly. "Our team can win if it makes up its mind to. And if you really want me to go to the dance with you——"

"Well, I do," replied Nat grimly, "but if we've got to win that game first, why, I've got a swell chance! Aw, say, have a heart! Give a guy a show, Nan!"

"You've got a show, Nat. I'll be very pleased to go to the dance with you under those conditions. Good night."

"Yes, I have!" growled the boy as he went on again. "Yes, you will! You think we'll get licked and you can go with Phil. Doggone a girl, anyway! By jiminy, I wish we *could* beat those mutton-heads!"

Suddenly aware that feet and hands were aching with cold, Nat broke into a jog. There was a light in Phil Terrill's room as he passed the house and turned into the next yard, and Nat cast a baneful glance upward and murmured vindictively, "I hope you choke!"

There had always been a feud between the two, as long as Nat could remember. Of recent years physical encounters had been largely avoided, for the neighbor had grown tremendously between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, and Nat was not without discretion. He was small, was Nat, a sort of pocket edition of a boy; but well-built for all that, and never asking odds of any save when size or weight counted more than skill and pluck. He didn't mind when fellows put a G in front of his name, for they might have

evolved a far more objectional nick-name than "Gnat." Such, for instance, as "Sour-fly," the insulting appellation recently invented by Phil!

When, instead of going to High School, Phil Terrill had entered Maple Park, the boarding school just outside town, his stock had descended still further in Nat's estimation. There had always been bitter rivalry between Maple Park and High School. High School called the boarding school boys "high-brows"—and frequently less polite names—and Maple Park referred to the High School students as "toughs." There were a few boys who, like Phil, lived in Warnerville and attended Maple Park as day pupils, and somehow managed to get away with it. Phil was particularly successful, attending High School affairs and, with the superior manner so obnoxious to Nat, making himself welcome on all occasions. If Nat could have had his way outsiders would have been excluded!

The two schools met in most sports, and, while the contests held unimportant places on the schedules, they were nevertheless as bitterly fought as the Big Games. This year's hockey match was played on High School's rink, and Maple Park came a hundred strong wearing the hated Green-and-Russet, waving their pennants, and bearing themselves with that lordly confidence found so trying by the High School democracy. But, across the quadrangle of smooth ice, High School, too, was on hand, and the Light Blue banners snapped defiance at the Green-and-Russet. The fair sex had turned out enthusiastically, and to them had been assigned the two rows of plank seats nearer the boards. Near an end of the first row, Nan Morris shared a big plaid robe with her especial chum, Nell Otis, the pennant she carried no bluer than her eyes. This fact was not lost on Nat Benton, but Nat had been far too busy since half-past two to dwell overmuch on it.

The first half of the game had been played, and at the whistle Maple Park had led by 9 goals to 6. In the intermission Nat had leaned for a minute across the barrier where Nan sat, but Phil Terrill had got there ahead of him, and, as a conversationalist, Nat was no match for the Maple Park captain. In such circumstances the two observed armed neutrality, but the situation was difficult and Nat soon retired, scowling deeply. There was, he reflected, reason to scowl. High School, in spite of best endeavors, was showing herself inferior to Maple Park and was almost certain to lose the game. And if she did lose, Nat would go to the Junior Class Dance alone. Or, he told himself savagely, he wouldn't go at all. Maybe that would be best. At least he wouldn't have to endure the sight of Phil Terrill, the big piece of cheese, sticking around Nan all the evening!

Jim Conroy, the High School coach, summoned his charges for instructions. Of course Jim wasn't a real coach; he had captained last year's team and now presided over the present squad in the interims of keeping books for Fuller & Gale, the hay and grain merchants. But Jim knew hockey pretty well, just the same; and he proved it now when he gave his low-voiced instructions to the huddled group on the High School bench. Nat listened and approved. Jim was talking sense, only all the wisdom in the world wasn't going to save High School from defeat today! Not overly hopeful before, Nat was a dyed-in-the-wool pessimist since that minute spent in an unsuccessful effort to engage Nan's attention.

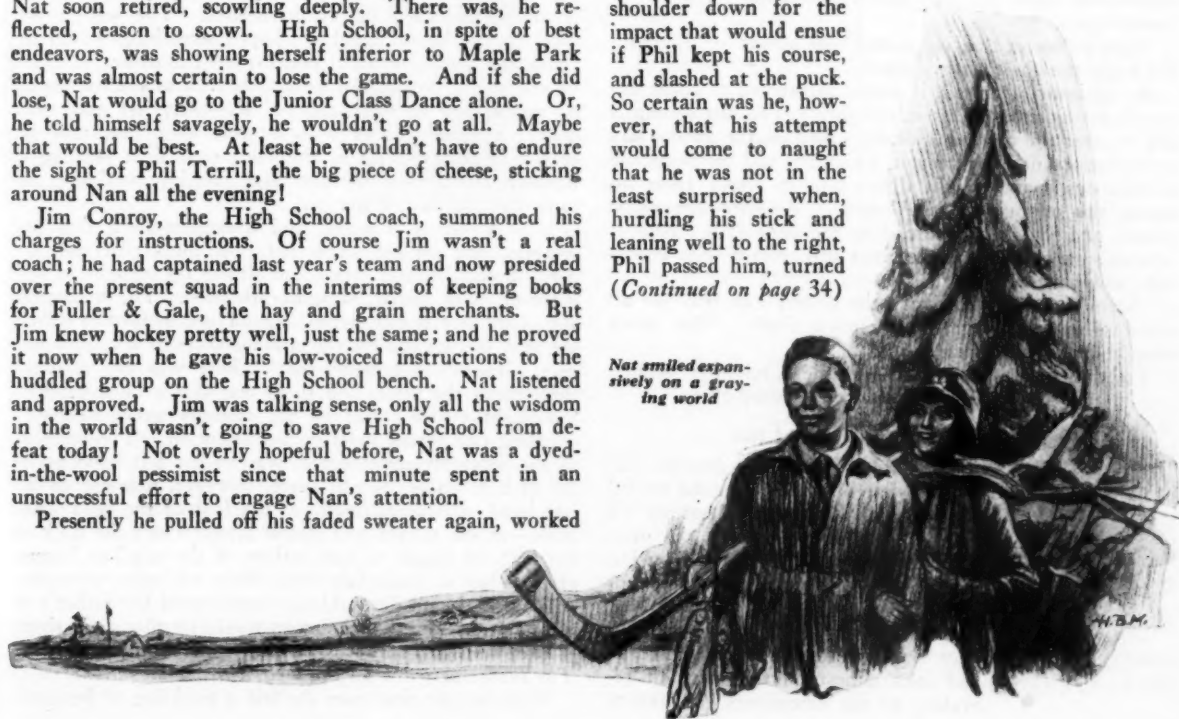
Presently he pulled off his faded sweater again, worked

chilled hands into gloves and skated back to position at cover-point. And then Steve White and Phil Terrill faced-off again, the whistle blew and the struggle was resumed. And so was the pandemonium of shrill shrieks from the girls, hoarser bellows from the boys, and, at intervals, cheers of the rival factions. Minutes passed without a score. Maple Park formed and advanced, three, sometimes four, abreast, toward the High School goal, the puck dodging here and there across the ice. But always Fortune favored, and Steve or Joe Tucker or "Hasty," Hastings, and once Nat himself, upset the attack. "Pog" Loomis, poised before the cage, his broad-bladed stick nervously sweeping the ice, was never called into action. And so it went for a full six of the remaining twenty minutes. The ring of skates, the clash of sticks, the shrill cries of the players, the thud of colliding bodies; and, over these sounds, the shouts of the onlookers.

It was High School who broke the deadlock at last. Steve stole the disk from a Maple Park forward close to the barrier, passed to "Hasty," skated into position, received the puck neatly again and slammed it past the goal-tend's wildly-kicking legs. The umpire waved a handkerchief, High School flaunted its sticks and from the north side of the rink came paeons of triumph while blue banners tossed in the still, wintry air. But Maple Park soon wreaked vengeance. "Pog" let an easy shot go past him, picked it disconsolately from the meshes of the net, and flirited it back toward the center. The enemy again led by three goals.

A minute later Maple Park again threatened. Pursued by Steve, Phil Terrill swept down the ice, zig-zagging, the puck slipping obediently back and forth in spite of Steve's efforts to hook it away. Nat skated warily back, the High School point reinforcing "Pog" before the cage. Twice already Nat had engaged Phil in an attack, and each time he had been ingloriously outmaneuvered; and now it was with a conviction that once more he was to suffer a like fate that he faced the speeding skater. And as if aware of Nat's hopelessness, Phil nursed the puck around "Hasty" and made straight for the former. Nat slid forward doubtfully, shoulder down for the impact that would ensue if Phil kept his course, and slashed at the puck. So certain was he, however, that his attempt would come to naught that he was not in the least surprised when, hurdling his stick and leaning well to the right, Phil passed him, turned

Nat smiled expansively on a gray-
ing world



Concluding The Inn at East Kent

Was Alisande Creighton foolhardy in entering the haunted room? Or did she solve the mystery?

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Illustrations by Ethel C. Taylor



She turned her light towards the luminous spot on the wall

A BATTERED sign flapped in the wind on which was the legend—"East Kent Inn." Mr. Creighton drew up the car with a deep sigh of relief. He was weary from the long hours of hard driving.

Alisande Creighton and her father are hurrying to Norfolk to celebrate Mrs. Creighton's birthday with her. The other side of Richmond, their car skids in wet clay, and they realize that the bad roads make further progress impossible. The only place they can find which offers shelter is the Inn at East Kent, a half-deserted place in which live a woman, her old mother-in-law, her young daughter, Susie, and two children.

The woman blocks the doorway. She admits that hers is a "kind of" hotel, but she is not prepared for transients. Susie, too, acts strangely and holds herself aloof. When Mr. Creighton points out a punctured tire and the fact of the lateness of the afternoon, the woman yields and leads them to two, long unoccupied rooms on the second floor. An air of gloomy foreboding broods about the place. But Alisande shakes it from her, and during supper successfully tries to win Susie's interest. After supper, when Alisande has discovered Susie's desire to continue with her schooling and has offered to give her some textbooks, Susie impulsively takes Alisande to her own room for a private conversation.

"Don't sleep in that big room!" she pleads. "Tonight's the night the ghost always comes."

An ancestor of Susie's, it seems, threatened to haunt her son if he squandered his inheritance. The son promptly did so after the old lady's death. And on the anniversary of his unfortunate investment, knockings and bangings and a luminous spot of light drove him in terror from his room, the one given to Alisande. Another generation passed, and the ghost returned on the same date. Now it is Susie's generation and the ghost still returns with knockings and bangings.

"So now you know what's the matter and why we all acted so queer tonight," concluded Susie. "But don't sleep in that room, please."

To Susie's astonishment, Alisande Creighton replies, "I'm determined to sleep there!"

Part Two

It would be difficult to describe Alisande's state of mind when she retired that night. They had all sat up till rather late talking around the open fire in the draughty living-room. Mrs. Haley had been rather silent and uneasy in manner, but the old lady had been talkative and reminiscent, and once or twice Alisande thought she had been almost on the verge of revealing to the newcomers the history

of the haunted room. But an abrupt interruption from her daughter-in-law had stopped her and turned her to other subjects. Susie herself had little to say and Mr. Creighton did the rest of the talking. Then Alisande had announced that she was sleepy and declared she was going to retire. Once upstairs, she borrowed her father's electric torch, as the only precaution against being caught unawares in the dark. Then she bade her father a calm good-night and shut her door.

The big old bedroom was blightingly cold, and though Mrs. Haley had laid a fire on the hearth, there had not been sufficient paper to ignite it thoroughly and it soon died out. Alisande made no attempt to rekindle it, but scrambled into bed without much ceremony, glad to be huddled down among the warm blankets. As she blew out the kerosene lamp, she noticed that her wrist-watch indicated 11:30. She had been strongly tempted to leave the lamp burning, but decided against it, as it might interfere with any "ghost-walk" that was scheduled to appear. A faint moonlight struggled in through the two deeply embrasured windows, but in the main the great room was in complete darkness. Alisande decided that she would stay awake till after the witching hour of twelve, and if nothing happened within a reasonable time, would then settle down to the sleep she really needed. The setting was ideal for a "haunt," and she hoped something would develop, but somehow could not, for the life of her, summon up any weird or uncanny sensations such as she felt would be appropriate to the occasion. Presently her eyes grew heavy, a delightful drowsiness stole over her, and she ceased to be conscious of the faint moonlight stealing in through the nearest window and sketchily outlining the mirror at the foot of her bed.

It was out of a sound and dreamless sleep that had wrapped her for she knew not how long, that she suddenly found herself roused and sitting up straight in bed, listening with intent, strained attention. For a moment she could not orient herself, could not remember where she was, nor what were the circumstances of her surroundings. Then she remembered. There was not a sound throughout the place, and there was still a faint patch of moonlight visible. But as her memory grew clearer, a startling fact forced itself on her attention. The window, as she distinctly remembered, was on her left hand as she lay in bed. The moonlit space, however, was not on her left hand—it was distinctly at the foot of the bed! And more—as she turned and stared intently into the dark on her left, at length a dim outline of the window became visible—but it was plain that there was now no moon! All was dark and she suddenly remembered her father's remark last evening that the moon would set that night shortly after twelve. There was only one conclusion to be drawn. *The luminous patch on the wall was not moonlight!*

Then for the first time she felt a prickling of her scalp



and a cold shiver creeping up the region of her spine. And in another instant her heart almost stopped beating at the sound of a rapid and determined "thump-thump-thump" on the wall directly behind the head of her bed. It was undoubtedly the repetition of the sound that had originally wakened her. For a moment she was too startled to make a motion, but sat rigid where she was, unable to lift so much as a finger.

Then the thumping ceased, and in the silence that followed Alisande tried to collect her thoughts. Released from her startled rigor, she drew out the electric torch from under her pillow and by its light looked at her wrist-watch. It was a quarter past one. Then she turned the light toward the luminous spot on the wall, which faded at once from view. But the moment she turned it away again, the spot reappeared in the same place—a pale, bluish, peculiar light. She turned the torch toward all the other corners of the room but could discern nothing unusual in any of them. Nor was there any sound throughout the whole of the house.

She had just switched the torch off and made up her mind to lie and watch that strange, luminous spot for a while to see if it changed its position, increased, or diminished at all, when the nerve-racking thumping began once more at the head of her bed.

Alisande's nerves were unusually steady for a girl of her age, but this was too much. Without conscious thought, but with one wild leap, she found herself out of bed and fumbling for the knob of the door—her one impulse just to get to her father as quickly as possible. She did not even stop to take with her the electric torch. After a heart-breaking interval of fumbling she found the handle, turned it and tumbled into the dark hall just as the door on the opposite side opened and her father appeared clad in his dressing-gown, the lighted lamp in his hand. At the same moment another light appeared from the direction of the stairs and three shivering, kimono-clad figures crept up, one head tied into an ancient-looking nightcap.

"Good gracious, Sandy! Whatever are you doing to make such an awful racket in your room?" exclaimed Mr. Creighton, as Alisande tumbled, almost fainting, into his arms. But Alisande, being for the moment too overcome to explain coherently, Susie volunteered to enlighten him, her teeth chattering with fright, her lips blue with the cold, for, truth to tell, she had been crouching at the door of her room ever since Alisande had retired, listening for the terrible expected sounds.

"It's the 'haunt,' sir!" she stuttered. "I—I told Miss Alisande not to—not to sleep in that room and—and why, but she would do it. I—I'm so sorry—I didn't make her—stay with me—downstairs!" And she fell to sobbing hysterically on the shoulder of her mother's kimono.

"Haunt,' is it?" exclaimed Mr. Creighton in a bewildered way. "And in there?" He disengaged Alisande's arms from around him and strode into her room with

the lamp, while the others watched him fearfully from the doorway.

"There it is! There it is!" cried Susie, pointing to the luminous spot on the wall. It was very pale, scarcely visible in the lamplight, but a sudden draught from the open window extinguished the lamp at that moment and the spot instantly sprang into prominence again. Mr. Creighton went over to it and examined it very carefully. It did not fade while he poked and rubbed at it, but remained as luminous as ever. Then he asked Alisande where the thumping had come from and she indicated the head of the bed. Finding the torch under her pillow, he examined the headboard with care and even moved the bed and scrutinized the wall behind it. And all apparently without any satisfactory results or an explanation of the mystery. Then he turned to the group at the door.

"There's something very peculiar about all this," he announced, "and I'd like to have a talk with you all about it. I don't imagine there'll be much sleep for any of us tonight after this, and I suggest that we all get dressed and go down and sit by the fire in the living-room and try to thresh this out. I'd like to understand the history of this peculiar occurrence—if it has one. Miss Susie, if you'll just stay here with Sandy until she's dressed I'd be greatly obliged to you. I know she doesn't want to be left alone in the room after what's happened, and I don't blame her. I'll meet you all down by the fire."

At this suggestion the group dispersed and Alisande hurriedly threw on her clothes while Susie sat on the side of the bed, shivering and half-whimpering, "I told you so! I knew it would be like this. Oh, I'm glad nothing harmed you, though!"

"I'm not frightened," declared Alisande stoutly, "though I admit I was—horribly so—for a few minutes while I was alone. There's something awfully strange about all this. Come, let's go down."

"The spot's still there!" whispered Susie when they had blown out the lamp. And, sure enough, the bluish light was still plainly visible in its place on the wall.

They scuttled down the hall and stairs, guided by another lamp that Mrs. Haley had left for them at the head of the staircase. And in the cheerful blaze of the hearth downstairs they almost forgot their fears, while they drank the hot coffee Mrs. Haley had prepared for them. Mr. Creighton joined them a few moments later, and after he had swallowed his coffee asked Mrs. Haley if she could imagine any reason for the strange occurrence they had just witnessed. For answer she gave him an account of the affair, very similar to what Susie had confided to Alisande. And the old lady interrupted at intervals to embroider the story with elaborate details.

"And so this settles it! I'm going to sell the place tomorrow for anything I can get for it!" finished Mrs. Haley. "I can't stand this sort of thing any longer. It's got on all our nerves too much."

"I'm sure I don't blame you," sympathized Mr.



What is She Like?

That is a question we always ask of our favorite authors, don't we? Katharine Haviland Taylor, who has a story, "The Début of Cecile Van Tyne," in our

February issue answers this question for us.

She says, "I grew up in Pennsylvania towns; a little girl who could not use her eyes, so I never had any schooling in the sense that most children have it. Information was poured into my ears and that way I achieved a sort of education which was 'finished' by a long stay in Italy and London with a dash of France and Switzerland. Then I came home to the life of a clergyman's daughter.

"Somehow before I knew it, I was settled at a desk and writing. My books I like best, perhaps, are *Real Stuff*, *A Modern Trio in an Old Town* and *Tony from America*. These books are published in England, and one of them, *Real Stuff*, has been translated into Dutch and will be brought out by a Leyden, Holland, publisher in time—the translator wrote me—for Santy Claus."

Creighton. "This is certainly more than flesh and blood can stand. It surely looks as if old Aunt Hepsy has won out. But it does seem too bad to part with the place. Have you ever had any offers for it, Mrs. Haley?"

"There's a man that's been pesterin' me for several years to sell out to him," answered Mrs. Haley. "But he won't give me my price for it. Says it isn't worth it. Says that the ground ain't no mortal good for raisin' any kind of crops except grass, and it ain't worth the price of grass-seed."

"What does he want it for then?" queried Mr. Creighton.

"Oh, he's a neighbor of ours, Sam Burbidge, lives down in the village next to the schoolhouse. He used to be a chemist in Richmond, but he saved up a few thousand dollars and he don't do nothing now. Says he wants to buy this old place and raise a few pigs and livestock, jest enough to keep him going. That's all he wants it for. I been holdin' him off three or four years, but I 'clare I'll sell out the place to him tomorrow. I said I would if this happened again. I ain't goin' to be pestered by that old harridan, Aunt Hepsy, all the rest of my life!"

Mr. Creighton nodded and murmured again, "I don't blame you!" and sat looking thoughtfully into the fire while the old lady launched into a long account of all the "haunts" that she ever heard of, not only in the immediate vicinity but all through the South. She talked so long that Alisande at last grew sleepy and nodded in her chair, finally falling off frankly into a sound nap. How long she slept she did not know, but she awoke to find daylight creeping in the windows, and to the realization that it was morning and that she was stiff and lame from her cramped position in the chair. The others had evidently long since dispersed to their rooms and Susie was setting the table for breakfast, her haggard face the only indication of the previous night's unrest.

Mr. Creighton came in from outdoors just as they were sitting down to the table, and they had scarcely begun the meal when he made the following startling announcement:

"I think I have the explanation of your 'ghost,' Mrs. Haley!" And to her astonished, "Land sakes!" he proceeded to enlighten them. But first he asked one question:

"Did your neighbor, Sam Burbidge, ever hear the story of your ghost?" To which the old lady's, "My land! Who hasn't?" was sufficiently enlightening. He then continued:

"I have a notion that Mr. Burbidge wants this property pretty badly—so badly that he resorted to a right mean trick to get hold of it—at his own price. Having heard of old Aunt Hepsy's supposed performances, it probably struck him that the easiest way to get you folks out of here was to resurrect Aunt Hepsy's ghost and have a performance every year. He probably didn't dare risk it oftener. And he undoubtedly calculated that after two or three years of that visitation you'd all be disgusted enough to hand it over to him at any price. He's a pretty clever fellow evidently, but it's rather lucky we happened to be stranded here last night, or he'd doubtless have held all the cards in his own hand by this morning."

"But how—when—" stammered Mrs. Haley. "I don't understand!"

"It's simple enough—if you happen to be a chemist also—as I am," went on Mr. Creighton calmly. "The first thing that struck me as 'shady' was the luminous spot on the wall. I examined it pretty thoroughly, rubbed it, smelt of it, and discovered that it was really nothing but liquid phosphorous that had evidently been rubbed on there, probably some time early last evening. Why Sandy didn't discover it when she first went to bed I can't see, unless she thought perhaps it was a patch of moonlight from the window."

"That's just what I did think," interrupted Alisande, "and that's why I was so startled when I woke later and realized there wasn't any moon then."

"As for the thumping," continued Mr. Creighton, "that's easily explained, too. There's a clothes-closet in the room right next to that one. I know because I investigated after you'd all gone downstairs last night. And that closet backs right up to the wall that is directly behind the bed Sandy slept in. If anyone were hidden in that closet he could make a rather outrageous racket without much risk of discovery. And I think that's just where our friend Mr. Sam Burbidge was last night. Of course

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A startling fact forced itself on her attention. The luminous patch on the wall was not moonlight!



Sniffing here and there like a trailing hound, it darted down upon the little colony

The Escape

THE year was at its flood and the long, hot, sweet days of summer had come. In the chipmunk colony on the side of Yelping Hill, some were playing, others sang the chipmunk song which runs, "Chuck-a-chuck-a-chuck-a," at the rate of two chirps per second. Others came in from nearby thickets looking as if they had a bad attack of mumps. Really it was only nuts which they had discovered in a grove left over from the winter before. Two butternuts or four acorns was their tonnage. Suddenly, there came to the little community a wandering demon of blood and carnage. Among the feasting, happy, singing creatures flashed a reddish animal, with a long, black-tipped tail, white chin and cheeks, and a fierce pointed head. Sniffing here and there like a trailing hound, it darted down upon the little colony.

It was the long-tailed, or great, weasel, whose movements are so swift as to baffle even the quickest eye. Caught too far from their burrows, the lives of four chipmunks went out like the puff of a candle. Then the high alarm-squeal ran up and down the hillside, and every chipmunk within hearing dived underground where they were all safe; for the great weasel is just one size too large to enter a chipmunk's burrow. Hither and there the weasel wound its way, like some fierce swift snake. With its flaming eyes, white cheeks dabbled red with blood, and flat triangular head swaying from side to side on a long neck, it looked the very personification of sudden death.

Farthest from home of them all, one chipmunk, swifter

In the depths of the forest, on the stretches of the wilderness, breathless contests of animal against animal are enacted. No man knows more of these stirring moments than Samuel Scoville, Jr., who joins our writers with this thrilling story

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Illustrations by Forest McGinn

and wiser than the others, faced the death which had overtaken the slow and foolish. For the first time in his life he had climbed to the tiptop of an elm tree. There among the topmost slender sprays he was feasting on elm-seeds, and came hurrying down at the first alarm-note. Just as he had nearly reached the ground, around the foot of the tree trunk was thrust the bloody face of the killer. There is something so devilish and implacable in the appearance of a hunting weasel, that it cowers even the bravest of the smaller animals. A gray old rat, ordinarily a grim cynical fighter

with no nerves to speak of, will run squealing in terror before a weasel; while a rabbit, when it sees the red death on his trail, forgets his swiftness and cowers on the ground.

Something of the same spell came over that chipmunk, as for the first time he faced the demon of his tribe. Yet he kept his head enough to realize that his only hope was aloft, and instantly whisked back up the great trunk. Unfortunately for him the versatile weasel is at home on, under, and above ground. The chipmunk had hardly reached the topmost branch, when he felt it sway under the quick, darting motions of his pursuer. Up and up he went, until he clung to the tiny swaying twigs at the very spire and summit of the elm, seventy-five feet from the ground. In a moment, the bloody muzzle of his pursuer was sniffing along his trail. Hunting by scent, like all of its kind, the weasel wound his way up through the twigs, nearer and nearer to the trembling chipmunk. Twelve inches away, the weasel stopped and, thrusting out its

long neck, seemed for the first time to see the little animal just above. A green gleam showed in the depths of the malignant eyes.

As the weasel shifted his weight on the swaying twigs preparatory to the lightning-like pounce which would end the chase, the chipmunk, with a little wailing cry, let go his hold and fell like a stone down through the green screen of leaves and twigs that stretched between him and the ground far below. Even as he whirled through space, his little brain was alert to seize upon every chance for life. As he struck twig after twig, he clutched at them with his forepaws, but could get no firm hand-hold. Fifty feet down, he managed to hook both of his little arms across a twig about the size of a man's thumb. A cross-twig kept his hold from slipping off, and swinging back and forth like a pendulum, he at last managed to clamber up into a crotch of this outer branch and crouched there, panting.

In a moment there was a scratching noise along the tree trunk, and the weasel came down in long spirals instead of climbing straight down as would a squirrel. The branch at the end of which the chipmunk was perched ran out from the main trunk, then turned at right angles and grew down almost perpendicularly, making a sharp elbow. The weasel descended, weaving his broad, triangular head back and forth, with little looping movements of his long neck, and sniffing the air as he came. When he reached the branch where the chipmunk was, he stopped and crept along the limb to the elbow. This was too much for him, skillful climber as he was. The perpendicular drop of the branch, its small size and smooth bark, all combined against him. Three times he tried to follow it down. Each time he slipped so that it became evident to him that another step would break his hold and send him crashing to the ground.

All this time the chipmunk was in full sight, yet the bloodshot eyes of his enemy seemed to overlook him entirely. Again and again the weasel sniffed the air, and repeatedly returned to the limb, evidently convinced that his intended prey was there.

Throughout, the chipmunk clung to the branch, silent and motionless. Only the throbbing of his silky white breast showed how his heart pounded as he watched the trailing death approaching. At last, the weasel seemed to give up the hunt and reluctantly wound his way down the main trunk and disappeared behind the tree.

For a full half-hour the chipmunk

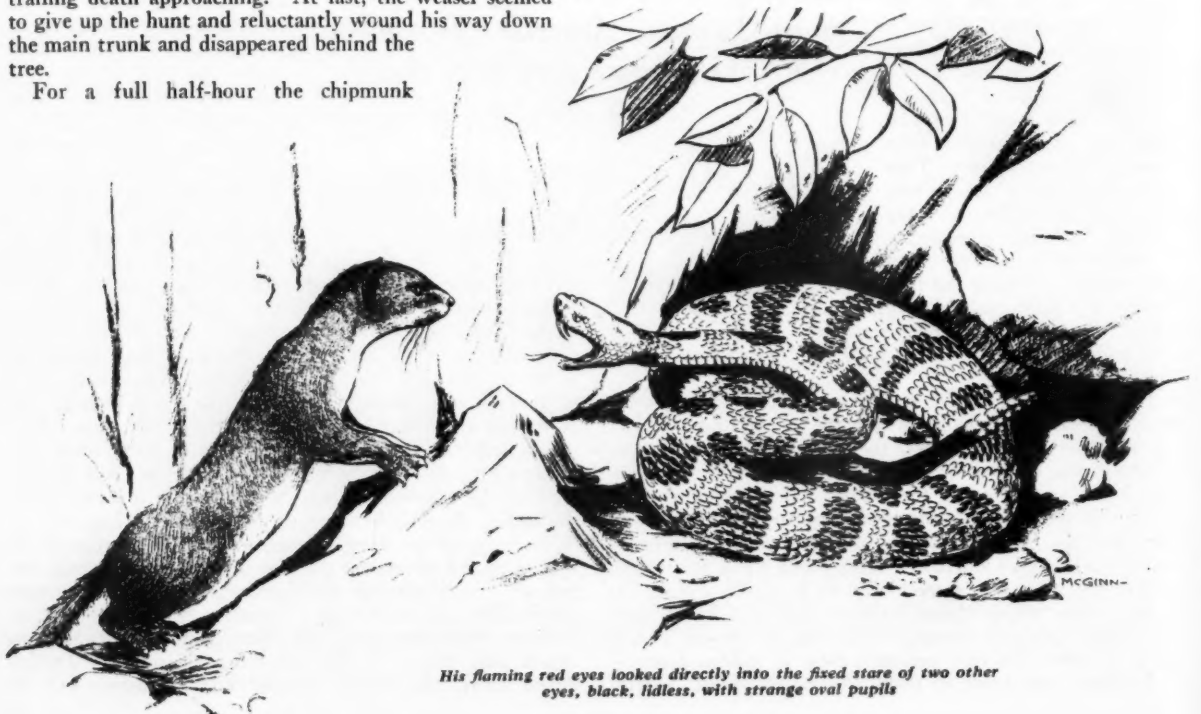
clung to his refuge without the slightest movement. Finally, when it seemed as if his pursuer were gone for good, the little animal moved cautiously up the branch, and managed to negotiate the elbow which had baffled his heavier pursuer. With the same caution he crept down the trunk and, after looking all around, finally leaped to the turf beyond. As he struck the ground, there was a rustle from the depths of a thicket a few rods away, and out darted the weasel, which, with the fierce patience of his kind, had been lurking there, and came between the chipmunk and the scattered homes of the colony.

Over the hilltop was the only way of escape. There lay a patch of deep woods, where the trees grew thick and dark over the ledge of rock which stretched up to the very summit. There, too, was hidden some mystery as black as the shade above that lonely ledge. Often there had been no return for chipmunks crossing that dark crest. Instinctively the fugitive avoided the woods and circled the hill, hoping to find some refuge on the farther side.

Long ago, the weasel-folk have learned that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Wherefore today the hunter followed the diameter of the circle that the chipmunk was making around the wooded hilltop. Like a flash, with tail up and head down, the weasel wound his way among the rocks and crowded trees which covered the hill's crest. As his triangular head thrust itself beyond a pointed rock which jutted out from the ledge, his quick nostrils caught a sinister, sickly scent, and he checked in his stride but—too late. His flaming red eyes looked directly into the fixed stare of two other eyes, black, lidless, with strange oval pupils, and set deep in a cruel heart-shaped head, which showed a curious hole between eye and nostril, the hall-mark of the fatal family of pit-vipers to which the rattlesnake, copperhead and moccasin belong.

For a second the fierce beast and the grim snake faced each other. The eyes of none of the mammals have a fiercer, more compelling gaze than those of the weasel-folk when red with the rage of slaughter. Yet no beast can outstare that grim ruler of the dark places of the forest, the timber rattlesnake, and in a moment the weasel started to

(Continued on page 33)



His flaming red eyes looked directly into the fixed stare of two other eyes, black, lidless, with strange oval pupils

BEHIND the Back of Beyond, where many things happen, Father Time was talking to a little New Year. Now Father Time had talked to hundreds and thousands and millions of New Years, and sometimes they'd been sure they knew more than Father Time, and sometimes they were very small and timid, like this one.

"Now remember," said Father Time, stroking his long beard, "your name is Nineteen Twenty-six, and you're bound for the Earth."

"But how'll I know where Earth is?" said the little New Year.

Father Time got up and led little Nineteen Twenty-six to the edge of the Back of Beyond, and pointed out into the dark blue emptiness full of shining stars.

"See those three in a row?" said Father Time, "and then those four like

a cross—and then one all by itself? That one is the Earth."

Little Nineteen Twenty-six stared and stared at it. It looked very far away. Father Time glanced at his hourglass. The sand in it was running low.

"Hi!" said Father Time. "You should be off, young man! They'll be waiting for you."

Little Nineteen Twenty-six stood on the edge of nothingness and tried his little wings. He was very, very small, and he had nothing at all but a big new traveling bag and his wings. I can't tell you what was in the traveling bag, because nobody knows yet—not even Nineteen Twenty-six himself. It's full of surprises that Father Time and the three old Fate ladies packed into it for the old Earth. The wings were soft and quivery, and just the color of a winter sunrise—rose and silver.

"Good-by," said Father Time. "Good luck!" And he said it just as heartily as if it were the first time he had ever said it to a little New Year.



The Little New Year

Whimsical and beautiful, this story will be read aloud at many a New Year fireside party

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustration by the author

"Good-by," said Nineteen Twenty-six in a small voice. Then he flapped his wings and jumped off the edge of the Back of Beyond into the big blue night.

He flew and he flew, and he shifted the new traveling bag from one hand to the other, but he didn't seem to get any nearer the bright star that was the Earth. Sometimes he couldn't be sure that he was keeping his eye on the Earth at all. There were so many—so bright! Some of them loomed up very near.

All at once he felt a cold breath behind him, and looking over his shoulder he saw a great silver-white Bear gazing at him with steady, starry eyes. It was a Polar Bear, and above its head burned the North Star, blue and cold, but Nineteen Twenty-six didn't know that. He also didn't know that the Bear couldn't move, for

its business was to point out the North Star, and there it had to stay. Nineteen Twenty-six thought he would surely be eaten, so he flew as hard as he could, and tumbled, all breathless, over the slow, shining coils of a great Serpent, who looked at him with a sleepy hiss.

"Who'sssssss thisssssss?" said the Serpent. "He'sssss come to ssssteal the Golden Applessss of the Hssssperidssss!"

Poor Nineteen Twenty-six had never heard of any such thing, but now, as he looked, he saw them—the Golden Apples, clustered in the blue field of night in the Garden of the Hesperides.

"Please sir, please ma'am," said Nineteen Twenty-six, for he wasn't sure which the serpent was, "I don't want apples; I want to find the Earth, and I'm afraid I'll be late."

'La!' said the Serpent, "the Earth! Who'd want to go

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"Plucky girl," he was saying. "Now don't faint and spoil it all"

CHAPTER IV *The Locked Door*

THE strings of Jane's tennis shoes, now that they were soaked with water, were stubborn. Tear at them and pull as she would, the knots only grew tighter. Finally she gave it up. What use? What use? She dragged her slicker off over her head. The rest of her clothes she did not bother about; they were so light and loose that they would not hamper her struggles out there in the surf. But before running forward to meet

Waul and Dyke, Inc.

Could more complications arise at this house party of boarding school girls and academy boys? Yes—read this installment

By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

Illustrations by Douglas Ryan

See page 33 for the story of what has happened so far in this mystery

the enemy—the seething, tumultuous surf just beyond the door of the grotto—and fight her fight, she waited a minute, thinking of her mother and her father and her brother Jim. She was sorry for them with an awful sorri-ness. Would they ever know what had become of her; would she ever, would her body, that is, ever be found? Then she said her

prayers rapidly, thought them rather, for all this while that voice went on crying "Help! Help! Help!" They were her going to bed prayers and one or two others that she

remembered from church. After that a sort of resignation.

Now she was ready. And now surely her voice would stop its crazy calling. It was never of her own will she had kept up that hopeless cry. She was miles from a dwelling, and in any case the noise of the surf down here must muffle any cry she was capable of making.

Even so a new cry suddenly rose louder than her own, above the surf's thunder, above the sea gulls' screeches. She did not stop her own cries, but she listened with all her might to this new one. It came from the rocks at her back, from far above her head. And what familiar, homely words! Jane had a brother and in earlier days all too often she had listened to just such a shouting. "Shut up! Shut up!" Those two words bawled over and over, drowning out her own "Help! Help!"

When the meaning of the two monosyllables came clear to her dulled consciousness, she did shut up, instantly, and looked up, too. There, from the cliff's edge, whiter than the sea gulls' wings, bent the face of Mr. Paul Waul. All its quizzicalness was gone, all its mild humor. Only his eyes, fired with purpose and earnestness, held anything of his accustomed look. When he saw that at last he really had her attention, he said, quite naturally in his deep, drawing voice, "Look out down there. Here comes a tree."

She did look out, promptly, and it came. A young spruce. It fell roots first and stood leaning against the cliff.

"Walk up that," Mr. Waul drawled. "And for mercy sake, walk as careful as a cat."

Jane surveyed it dubiously. "But what then?" she asked. "What use? It doesn't go far enough, not the strong part."

"When you're up a ways I'll hold down my coat. See." He lay down flat on the rock above and dangled his coat over by a sleeve. It swung just short of the spruce. Only in such real peril could either of those two have accomplished what they did accomplish next. Jane, with death at her back, made her way, delicately, with infinite care, up along the steep slope of the none too strong or well-balanced tree trunk. One ill-managed motion on her part would have sent the spruce and herself in short order to the rocks below. Small chance that a second time she would land in a soft bed of seaweed!

And all during the perilous climb her eyes were lifted to Mr. Waul's dangling coat, and, above it, Mr. Waul's intent eyes beaming so encouragingly out of his white face. At last she was within reach of the sleeve, and none too soon, for the tree was rocking, rocking perilously. It toppled and fell. But not before Jane had grabbed at the coat, and swung clear. Up here there were little crevices in the rock, places for her toes. With the help of these and a persistent tugging on Mr. Waul's part, and a band of angels who must have flown to her aid, at last her fingers were over the edge! But that instant was the most critical of all, perhaps. Mr. Waul was lying flat, his legs wrapped about a convenient tree trunk, the twin of the spruce lying down there in the grotto, its work done. And now, because Jane was so close to him, it became almost impossible for him to pull her any farther; there was not reach enough.

"Just fling yourself," he panted. "Grab onto my shoulder and haul!" and she thought he added, in a lower, calmer tone, "There's a lamb."

It was those last three words—odd words for such a situation—that gave her heart to dare the seeming impossible. In response to the encouraging endearment she did fling herself, clutched his shoulder somehow and "hauled." The next she knew she was lying on the ground breathing so hard she thought it would burst her chest, and Mr. Waul was on his knees at her side.

"Plucky girl! You did it," he was drawling. "Now don't faint and spoil it."

She sat up. "No, I won't faint. I don't know how,"

she reassured him. Then, in spite of her sore lungs, she laughed. It was her laugh that took him off his guard. He buried his face in his arms and groaned. Jane reached a hand to his shoulder. "Don't. Oh, don't," she begged, for it quite frightened her. Then she saw his bleeding, torn hands. "Oh, your hands! Is it your hands?" she cried. "We must hurry back and get them fixed. How did you do it?"

He looked up, composed again. "Look at your own hands," he suggested, "and your arms."

Jane dropped her eyes to them. Certainly they were a sight, as bloody as his. Ugh! But strangely she felt no particular pain from her wounds. Not yet. And as for the wrenched knee, she must have unwrenched it again during her ascent of the cliff.

"But how did yours get that way?" she asked. *He* had not gone cliff climbing.

"The tree, I suppose," he explained, but with small interest in the matter. "Some storm or other had done half the job of uprooting it, but it needed finishing. There wasn't an axe handy, you see."

Jane imagined for herself how it must have been; Mr. Waul tearing at the ground with his bare hands while her crazy shrieks came up from down there. She shuddered. He looked at her.

"Now please, why ever did you do such an idiotic thing?" he asked. "I want to help you, Jane Dyke. Things can't be so hopeless as you think. There's some easy and honorable way out, short of running away—take my word. All along, from the very first instant when I saw you, I've meant to stand by you—hard. Why couldn't you trust me? But I never thought you'd try to run away, just anywhere like this!"

"Run away? I don't know what you're talking about."

Jane was bewildered. But her resentment at his ac-



Grace had Jane's luncheon on a tray, daintily arranged, and a big red rose was lying across the damask napkin

customed irrelevancies had vanished. This one she wouldn't let pass. "What's the matter, anyway?" she insisted. "You keep saying the weirdest things!"

He looked at her and she looked back at him. Both pairs of eyes held, both frank, both questioning. Then he began to breathe perceptibly faster. "Weren't you trying to get out of the mess by running away?" he inquired. "What? No! I'm not in any mess!"

"The bracelet. Golly! I've saved your life. Can't you trust me even yet?"

She still looked at him. Slowly but clearly came comprehension of what his manner and his seemingly irrelevant words from the very first had meant. He thought that she—she, Jane Dyke—was a thief! He thought that she, and no other, had stolen Miss Collins's bracelet! And he thought that in order to get away from facing disgrace, she had tried to run away. It was all dreadful. And at the same time it was just too awfully funny. It was so funny that she forgot how dreadful it was, and burst into laughter. She laughed heartily, her head thrown back. A load she had not known she had been carrying on her heart slipped away from it as she laughed. That was why Paul Waul had been so queer, then! That was why he hadn't danced with her last night. But now he had forgotten all his disapproval; he was laughing with her. The young man's and the girl's gay laughter for a minute drowned the tumult of the surf, in their own ears at least.

"Whatever made you think I was the criminal?" she asked when she could speak, for from his laughter she knew that he was completely set right now.

He considered it. "Well, of course, Aunt Augusta was sure it was you from the first. I guessed that might be prejudice because she was so upset about your taking her room. But when I saw you all and had studied you for a while, you—well, you, Jane Dyke, looked the only one with gump-tion enough to play a real trick like that. But I didn't go by character reading alone, naturally. Didn't have to. There was lots in favor of my theory. You were

the only one besides your friend, Miss Cosgrove, who owned to having even noticed the bracelet. Of course you had your opportunity to snatch it when you put your cup on the piano. But the really convincing thing was your coming down to the drawing-room last night at midnight, when everyone else was in bed. I was certain you meant to put it back then, if only I hadn't given myself away. Besides you've broken bounds twice."

"And you've shadowed me. That's what you were doing this morning, shadowing a supposed thief! But if

you hadn't kept on shadowing me, I'd be out there now—" She looked down and out at the surf. "Well, it's all very funny."

"Not so very funny," he contradicted. "I've been the world's prize idiot. But honestly and truly I did not think you were a thief. How could I? I just thought you had a slightly perverted sense of humor; that Aunt had offended you, as she can do so easily, and you were having it out with her. Will you, can you, ever forgive me?"

"It's easy to forgive someone who has just saved my life," Jane assured him. "And I do see now how queer my actions must have looked. Wouldn't Jim just writhe, if he knew what you thought I'd done though—and mother. Mother! Oh my!"

"I say, let's keep it to ourselves," Mr. Waul begged. "I want us to be friends. We've got to be friends. And your family would not put up with me if they knew."

"They certainly would not. It'll be our secret."

Two sore and dirty hands met in a clasp of agreement. The walk back to Surfgate was neither painful nor boring, in spite of strained muscles and the absence, because of fog, of any view. Mr. Waul and Jane, now that barriers were down and prejudices and misunderstandings removed, found each other the best of company. But for all Jane's liking for this cousin of Grace Merriman's, and her confidence in him, she did not confide her own growing suspicions about Beryl. If he had been mistaken so utterly in her, Jane Dyke, might not she, Jane Dyke, be just as much mistaken about Beryl? It seemed probable. In

any case she must have much more evidence than she already did have before she could ask Mr. Waul's help and advice in the matter. That was what she would go after the minute she got back, evidence. She would find Beryl and have it out with her face to face. If her friend was really guilty, then Jane would call in Mr. Waul to straighten things out. She was sure that he would manage—as he had been so eager to manage things for herself when he thought she had taken the bracelet, in such a way that Beryl would not suffer.

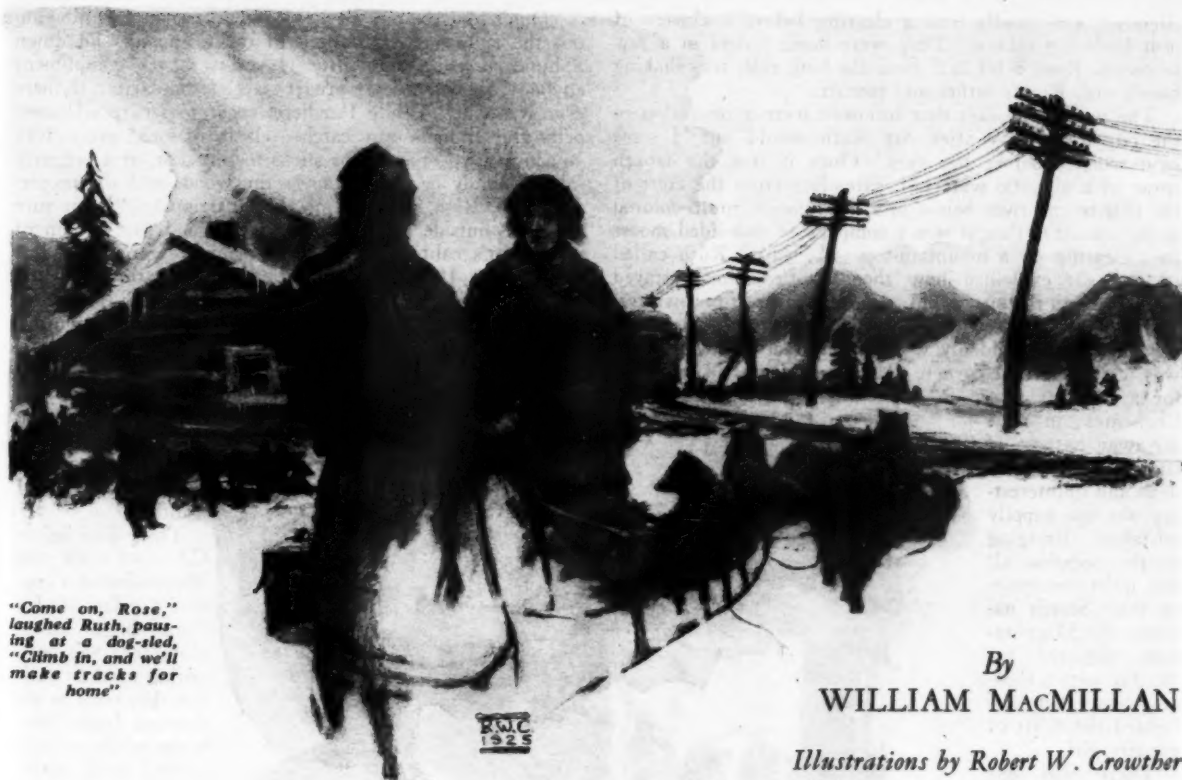


"Now, my dear, don't put your feet to the floor again today. I'll make some excuse downstairs"

They went in at the cliff side of the house, through the kitchen, as Jane had come out. Both agreed that if it was possible the morning's adventure should be kept from the other members of the house party. But Mr. Waul insisted on sending his sister to Jane to doctor her hands and other bruises. Jane scorned the idea, but he had his way.

Mrs. Merriman was shocked beyond words at the story her brother confided to her. She summoned Marie—whose mistress she had become during the morning, Miss

(Continued on page 30)



"Come on, Rose,"
laughed Ruth, paus-
ing at a dog-sled,
"Climb in, and we'll
make tracks for
home"

By
WILLIAM MACMILLAN

Illustrations by Robert W. Crowther

A Christmas Gift for Mistassini

*From Canada, where he himself lives
in the country of dog-sled and snow,
William MacMillan sends this win-
ter story to you*

AND whatever you do," read Rose Stevens as the transcontinental train rushed through the snow-covered Canadian wilderness, "bring your warmest clothes." Rose smiled as she read over this solemn warning for the sixteenth time, and there rose up before her eyes a picture of the school friend, Ruth Macpherson, who had sent her this pressing invitation to pass the Christmas holidays with her in her wilderness home.

Ruth Macpherson was an attractive girl, as Rose recalled her, tall, graceful, with the soft rolling speech of the northern people. There had been considerable excitement in the school when it became known that a girl from the Canadian woods was expected. But if Ruth had been a little crude in her manners—as ultra-civilization went, she more than made up for it in exceptional brilliance and sweetness of character—finally passing out of the school with honors and the spontaneous good wishes of a host of friends.

They had struck up a sincere and lasting friendship, these two, Rose Stevens and Ruth Macpherson, and as Rose looked out of the window at the huge drifts of freshly fallen snow she recalled now with a little smile of amusement how enthusiastic Ruth had always been about her wilderness home.

"Cuthbert's Landing," suddenly shouted the trainman at

that moment, and Rose, hastily tucking the letter into her pocket, gathered up her grips.

Cuthbert's Landing was anything but a pretentious community. A string of empty box cars, a tiny, cabin-like station, and half a dozen dog teams with as many drivers, made up the entire place. Ruth Macpherson was there, greeting Rose with a shout of welcome. And as the Scotch girl squeezed her in a bear-like hug Rose experienced again the contagion of her friend's sparkling personality.

"Come on, Rose," laughed Ruth, pausing at a dog-sled. "Climb in, and we'll make tracks for home. We can't afford to lose a minute if we expect to get there before dark."

"But there's only room for one," remonstrated Rose, looking at the narrow sled with trepidation.

"That's all right, my dear," smiled her chum, strapping on her snowshoes, "I'm going to run along behind."

This was the city girl's first experience of dog-sled travel and it immediately upset all her preconceived notions of dogs and the cruelty of harnessing them to sleds. She was amazed at the ease with which the seven eager animals—beautiful things they were, with intelligent faces and thick-plumed tails—drew her weight. No less astonishing, too, was her friend's skill on the webbed shoes. Trotting easily behind the sled—her hands on the projecting arms—Ruth called to the dogs from time to time, naming them each in turn.

For three delightful hours they galloped across the snow-covered ice of Lac St. Pierre, Ruth running all the way, except when they struck stretches of wind-cleared ice. Then just as darkness began to fall, the dogs cut into the shore, apparently of their own volition, shot up a narrow trail in the deep woods, and with every hair quivering with ex-

citement, tore madly into a clearing before a cluster of neat little log cabins. They were home. And in a few moments, Rose, a bit stiff from the long ride, was shaking hands with Ruth's father and mother.

The wonderful days that followed were a revelation to the city girl. Day after day Ruth would unfold some new wonder before her eyes. Once it was the frozen spray of a gigantic waterfall, extending from the crest of the cliff to the river below in a magnificent, multi-colored arch. Another time it was a company of slab-sided moose in a clearing on a mountain-top. A "yard" Ruth called it, and she explained how the gigantic animals stayed there through the bitter cold and deep snows of mid-winter.

Then the little settlement—if five tiny log cabins could be called that—suddenly woke to the fact that Christmas was just around the corner. If Rose Stevens had imagined for a moment that Christmas in this far-away outpost of civilization could be drab and uninteresting, she was happily mistaken. Bringing to the occasion all the quiet reverence of their Scotch natures, the Macphersons prepared for the day with a thoroughness that delighted the heart of the city girl.

There was one other person in Lac St. Pierre, Doctor Stuart, a grizzled veteran of some fifty years, in the service of the government, whom Rose had not yet met. Indeed he was absent most of the time. But he returned one day with his dog-sled loaded down with mysterious parcels, chuckling to himself as he unharnessed the dogs with deliberate care, then carried the sled bodily into his cabin. He called at the post that night, and Rose Stevens found fresh cause for wonderment at the caliber of the men attracted to this land of snow and ice.

The spirit of Christmas was contagious. Even visiting Indians, calling at the post with fur pelts, in exchange for which Mr. Macpherson handed them badly needed provisions, caught something of the mysterious spirit pervading the place, and invariably managed, somehow or other, to dig up just one more pelt with which they bought red flannel, brightly-colored beads, or a looking-glass.

Rose Stevens was greatly interested in those quiet-spoken, brown-faced dwellers of the wilderness, and she never tired of listening to the factor's description of their lives and habits. An honest, primitive people they were, following to a considerable extent the customs of their forefathers. It did not take Rose long to realize that from far and near they knew the factor (as Ruth's father was known) to be their guide, counsellor, and friend. But when she casually mentioned this fact to him, Mr. Macpherson shook his head and laughed.

"Don't give me any credit, Rose. I'm simply following out the rules and regulations of the Company laid down a hundred years ago. But if you want to compliment anybody, there's Doctor Stuart—a good Samaritan if there ever was one. While I'm here, eager to secure whatever pelts the Indians can catch—selfish reasons, every way you look at it—the doctor sticks to this post, at a beggarly salary, simply because he loves the woods and the people. Honestly, Rose, he went on, more seriously, "I am sure the folks outside have no idea of the good that a man of the doctor's caliber does for the primitive peoples of this wilderness. If they did they'd surely insist that the government pay him a livable salary. Or if he refused to take that, at least to insist that he indulge in a month's holiday every year."

"How many holidays do you take, Mr. Macpherson?" asked Rose innocently.

The factor grinned. "I can see that Ruth has put you up to that. Holidays—what do I want with holidays? I have my entire family here. I am happy in my work. What more do I want?"

Three days before Christmas, the Bloodveins—a nomadic tribe of Indians—began straggling into the post, setting up their caribou-skin tents in the clearing. Immediately the whole vicinity seethed with activity. At the same time Doctor Stuart set off for Mistassini, a settlement of half-breeds, on a sick visit.

"I dare not wait till after Christmas," explained the kindly faced doctor somewhat ruefully. "This fine weather is likely to break any minute and I'd be taking a long chance on that bleak coast if a storm came up. But I'll try to get back for Christmas day," he promised.

From the viewpoint of business, the appearance of the Bloodveins was particularly fortunate, because this tribe were good trappers, specializing in marten skins, pelts of

exceptional desirability. But on the other hand, Mr. Macpherson's duties were promptly doubled, and even trebled. Night and day he remained in the big trading room, because one never knew just when a trapper might make up his mind to trade in his skins unbeknown to the other members of the family. Quarrelers came there, too, to arbitrate their differences, and usually retired well satisfied with the factor's ruling.

The day before Christmas broke clear and cold. And the girls, their faces bundled up in fur parkas, ploughed



They invariably managed to dig up just one more pelt



He returned one day with his dog-sled loaded down with mysterious parcels

eagerly through the freshly-fallen snow to the trade house.

"Wonder who can be calling at this hour?" remarked Ruth in astonishment, pausing at a deeply-embedded snowshoe trail. "See, Rose, the tracks come straight in from the north. This person, whoever he is, traveled without dogs. That means he must have tramped all the way from Mistassini."

In that land of deep snow and vast distances men rarely travel without dogs, unless it be a matter of life or death. With a dull foreboding at her heart, therefore, Ruth pushed open the big storm-door of the trading house. Her father was there, holding a cup of steaming coffee to the pallid lips of an Indian youth stretched out on the bunk. At sight of the girls' anxious faces, the factor handed them a short note in the doctor's cramped handwriting.

Smoothing out the crumpled paper on the table they read it breathlessly.

DEAR MAC:

The entire settlement here, with the exception of the messenger, is down with virulent diphtheria. I dare not leave them. Find a messenger and send me at once 200,000 units of anti-toxin.

STUART.

P.S.—I'll be on the lookout two miles this side of Mistassini, in that fire ranger's cabin.

"A mighty serious message, that," remarked the factor, rising to his feet as the Indian turned his face to the wall and sank into an exhausted sleep. "This lad is altogether too far gone to make the return journey, and I know before I ask them that no Bloodvein will take the chance of coming down with diphtheria."

"Dad," spoke up Ruth, "Doctor Stuart's no man to send such a message unless he's in desperate need. It's

evident that the lives of a lot of those people depend on that anti-toxin. And there's nobody else here to go but me. This boy can't start out for hours."

"Well . . .," said the factor, considering.

"Ruth!" exclaimed Rose.

"I can do it, Dad," smiled the girl. "My dogs are in good shape and I should have no difficulty in making the trip. This boy traveled top-speed, without dogs and at night. The sled is a different matter."

"If you are going, then I am going, too," added Rose impulsively, putting an arm about her chum's shoulders.

"But what would your mother say?" objected the factor.

"I've been here long enough to know that it is safer for two to travel together than for one to try it," asserted Ruth, confidently.

"Yes, that's true," admitted Ruth's father.

In fine weather the ninety or so miles that lay between the trading post and the stricken settlement was not difficult. The trail, for the most part, hugged the shore of the great lake where the snow was packed hard by the wind, and the going was easy. The factor, realizing this, knew Ruth's offer to be a wise one. But the city girl—

"Of course she can come along," said Ruth. "We'll decide it right now. And if a storm comes up, we'll weather it." There was the possibility of a storm, to be sure, but Ruth's tone lightly brushed the idea aside.

"You locate the funny stuff, father," continued she, "while we get the dogs ready."

Winter travel was no new thing to Ruth Macpherson. She set about preparations with all the exacting attention to detail that the occasion demanded. The sled-rungs,

(Continued on page 42)



Making Good as a Girl

"My work as a Golden Eaglet has already helped me to earn money for going to college."
Marjorie Ellen Johnson

Every girl has her dreams—and wonders how she can make them come true. Twenty-eight girls who have earned the Golden Eaglet, the highest honor of the Girl Scouts, will now share their own experience with you through "The American Girl." Working for their Merit Badges was not always easy, as you will see. But it was fun!

"When I was a tenderfoot, I inwardly resolved to become a Golden Eaglet during my Girl Scout career."
Jean V. Johns

TWENTY-EIGHT girls who have won the Golden Eaglet have written of their experiences. You who have often looked at some Golden Eaglet, wondering how she ever did it, will now have your question answered in an absorbingly interesting way. Real girls, these Golden Eaglets are, with difficulties as well as successes. As here and in forthcoming issues of our magazine, they answer the questions, "Which Merit Badge did you most enjoy?" and "Which did you find most difficult?" you will feel that you are personally acquainted with these girls who have already shown, in a splendid way, what girls can do.

Jean V. Johns

Golden Eaglet of Cincinnati, Ohio, says:

When I was first a tenderfoot not quite three years ago, I heard of the Golden Eaglet, and at that time I must admit that I thought it would be wonderful. I inwardly resolved to hitch my wagon to a star and be a Golden Eaglet in my Girl Scout career. At that time I was in that stage in which a girl loves to do things. I started on my Health Winner badge first, in order to get a start on first class. I did this secretly, as it were, only my mother and captain being in on the secret. You see, there were no other girls in the troop who had a Merit Badge and I wanted to surprise them.

I passed my first class test in January, 1922, and I was delighted. Then by going to headquarters and working, I became a first class Girl Scout with eight Merit Badges, the January of 1923. The first lieutenant of our troop took several of us girls to the Red Cross on Tuesdays for Home Nursing. I learned First Aid, too, and I loved it most of all. I passed my test with a practising doctor. In June, 1923, I went to camp and got lots of new ideas in troop and camp work. In the fall, our first lieutenant and I resolved to start an afternoon troop of younger girls. At the first meeting, there were twelve girls. Well, that was at least encouraging. Our new captain took the training course and being a woman of forty or more, she was more experienced in life. More girls came and we put them through their tenderfoot work. And at the big rally in February, 1924, when I received my Eaglet, we had a troop of thirty girls, half of whom were about two-thirds through their second class work. The girls' ages ranged from ten to thirteen. Well, we were overjoyed and many of them went to camp. We have a splendid troop now.

The Needlewoman Badge was certainly difficult for me.

Because I love outdoor sports and camping so much, I have a strong dislike for sewing, although I adore kitchen work. I lived through an hour of torture, every morning that summer, when I was sewing for that badge. At the end of the hour, I used to jump on my wheel and make a bee-line for the tennis courts! I must say that had it not been for my mother's help, I might not have kept at it. But the funny thing was that in the end I learned to enjoy sewing. I made two dresses, a waist, sweater, made over an old skirt and earned my badge. I certainly was happy.

It seems dreadfully hard for me to choose one certain badge as holding the most interest for me because I enjoyed so many of them. As for Pioneering, I adored it. My Child Nurse only took a lot of time. The baby was so dear and I really liked all the work. As I said before, First Aid meant a lot to me. And I found no small amount of enjoyment in taking my Star Finder. I always feel there is so much of wonder and mystery about the heavens. Now I am helping prepare some of the girls in the troop for this badge and I never tire of it.

Marjorie Ellen Johnson

A Golden Eaglet of Rome, New York, says:

I had some trouble deciding which badge was most difficult for me, but finally came to the conclusion that it was "Swimmer." I earned it after a hard struggle (or rather many struggles) in the water by winning the American Red Cross Junior Life-Saving Badge. During the autumn, winter, and spring months, I attended the swimming classes at the Women's Club offered to Girl Scouts. A period of instruction in Life-Saving is open to those sufficiently advanced and a period without instruction open to those who take Life-Saving or who do not. So during each week, I practised one and a half hours. The reason that I had such difficulty in earning the badge was that there were no girls or women, at the time, my age or size interested in or already possessing the Life-Saving Badge. So I had to practise almost entirely alone. Now, however, the Rome Girl Scouts have eleven Junior Life Savers.

Yet I enjoyed the work for the Swimmer Badge more than almost any other, perhaps because until two years ago I have always lived by the ocean and loved it. The fact that the Life-Saving Badge prepares a Girl Scout to aid in lessening the number of deaths every summer made

(Continued on page 42)

Make Your Own Girl Scout Sampler

By GERTRUDE M. BARNES

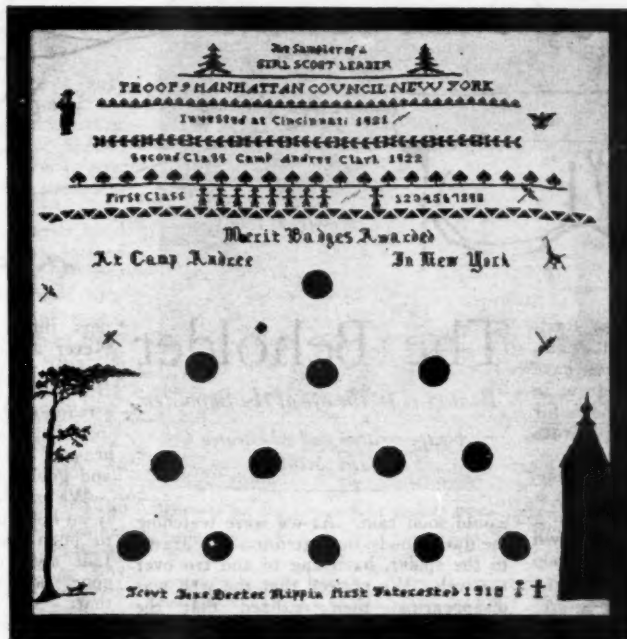
HAVEN'T you often looked at your badges and wished there were some way of keeping them permanently? You have realized, of course, that after you are through wearing them upon your uniform, you may put them away in your memory book or in your desk—but that has seemed so tucked-away and out-of-sight. Or perhaps you have thought of the time when you shall be away at college and have wished for something that would keep them with you and be decorative for your college room, besides.

Mrs. Rippin, the National Director of the Girl Scouts, has discovered that something—a Girl Scout sampler. She designed her own sampler because she, too, wished to have her Girl Scout record in an attractive form which she might hang in her own office in our National Headquarters. There it hangs today and when you visit National you may see it. The picture of it upon this page will, however, give you an idea of it. Because Mrs. Rippin is a Girl Scout leader, naturally her sampler is that of a Girl Scout leader. For yours, you will wish to say, "The Sampler of a Girl Scout." And you will wish to make your own design because the story of what you have done in Girl Scouting is your own.

One day Mrs. Rippin explained the meaning of her sampler to me. She said she used the first two lines as she would a title if she were telling a story, *The Sampler of a Girl Scout Leader*. As she began the sampler just before Christmas, she decided to put a little Christmas tree on either side, with a narrow, straight line border below. Underneath this came again a row of little trees. And can you guess who is at the left-hand side? None other than our well-loved founder, Mrs. Juliette Low. Below the little trees that grow in such wonderful symmetry comes the information: "Invested at Cincinnati, 1921." The little jagged line following the "I" represents a streak of lightning, for Mrs. Rippin was a member of the Lightning Patrol, thus pictured in cross-stitch.

"We might have improved our name," she told me with a smile, when I interviewed her about the sampler, "but it was a good patrol."

Further to the right comes the Tenderfoot Pin. A busy period for Mrs. Rippin now intervened so that the sampler suffered temporary neglect. When she again continued her work on it, spring was arriving. A spring border follows. (She told me it was a "spring border," and I shall not attempt to identify it more exactly!) The line below records the next important event in her life as a Girl Scout: "Second Class, Camp Andree 1922."



Mrs. Rippin's Girl Scout sampler hangs in our National Headquarters

Merit Badges which she acquired in her Girl Scout work.

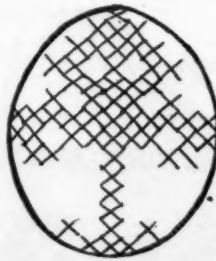
This lower two-thirds division is titled: "Merit Badges awarded at Camp Andree in New York," proportionately divided to suit the space available. The giraffe at the right is again a playful touch. In the lower right-hand corner stands the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, where the present Mrs. Rippin met Mr. Rippin, in connection with the Girl Scout work which then had its National Headquarters in a small room on one of the upper floors. You can even see Mr. and Mrs. Rippin meeting down below!

On the left-hand side, rising in magnificent competition with the Metropolitan, stands the camp tree at Camp Andree, now, to the regret of many one-time campers, gone the way of all living things. Mr. Rippin's little dog seems to enjoy its shade. Between these two really pretentious designs, and on a line drawn between their bases, we read the name—which you and I knew before—of the Girl Scout and Sampler-maker: "Scout Jane Deeter Rippin, First Interested 1918." The large central space lies free for Merit Badges, which were added in a symmetrical figure. Dragon-flies enliven their solid evidence of accomplishment. (But notice that Mrs. Rippin adds only a

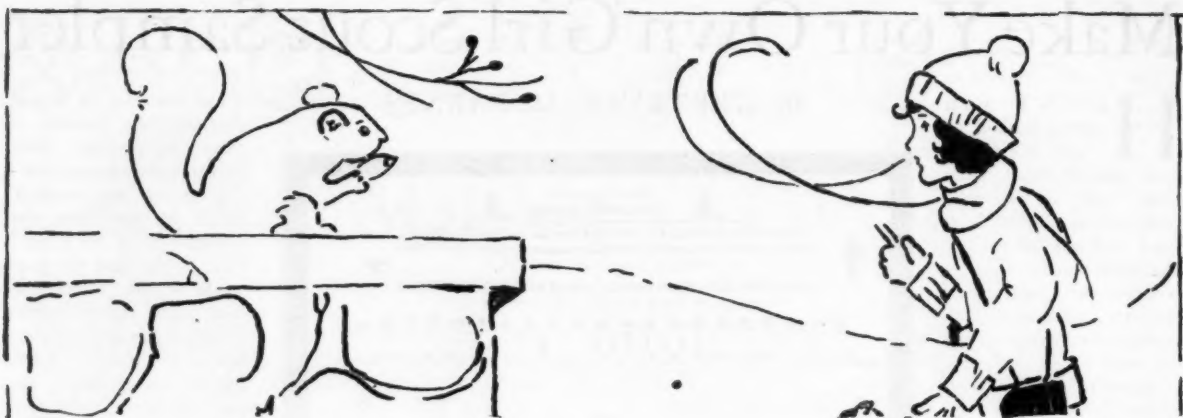
few and does not clutter up the space reserved for the badges.)

In deciding whether or not to make a sampler of your own, take into consideration the materials you must buy. The most inexpensive background upon which you can embroider the sampler will be the actual cross-stitch canvas (often known as "Penelope"), number four. If you can afford a slightly more expensive material, I think you will find your sampler somewhat more attractive if made on a background of natural-colored linen in a

(Continued on page 35)



A patrol tree emblem in cross-stitch



THE Beholder publishes your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw in India ink headings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in your Nature photographs.

Give your name, age and troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, The Beholder will award a book. Our heading this month is drawn by Margaret R. Frazer, Age 14, Troop 39, Rochester, N. Y.

An Oven-bird Tale

A few miles from my home is the Middlesex Water Reservation, popularly known as Spot Pond. Very often during the summer I go there for long, quiet walks. One day I came upon a small, winding path, which appeared to be little used, as it was grass-grown and, in places, barely perceptible.

It was very quiet, the silence being broken only by the wind in the tree tops, and the crickets chirping loudly until one came quite near. I walked on, following the small path until it led me into a glade even more quiet than others I had passed.

A distressed bird-voice called me back from my day-dreams, and I looked down to see at my feet a tiny brown oven-bird that fluttered before me trailing a wing along the ground. Although I knew the little thing was attempting to lead me from her nest and eggs, I followed her for fear of stepping on the exquisite wee "oven" of her nest. When she was satisfied at the distance between my clumsy self and her dainty nest, she flew away over my head, quite uninjured.

WIN HAILS,
Age 15, Troop 9, Somerville, Mass.

A Thrifty Spider

One day a spider made a web over the outside of one of our windows. She made a wise choice in a place for her trap, because moths, flies and other insects often came there for shelter. It was a big, beautiful web. We had to admire it, even though we did not like it on our window.

Soon clouds gathered in the sky, the wind began to blow, and we saw that it

The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"

*A page written and illustrated by
Girl Scouts*

would soon rain. As we were watching the dark clouds, our attention was drawn to the spider, hastening to and fro over the web. We noticed that the web was disappearing, then realized that the spider was rolling it up and taking it with her—just as mother takes in her clothes-line. She took it into an upper corner of the window, where the rain would not strike her.

When the rain was over and the sun shining, our spider put the web out again.

I had neither seen nor heard of anything like this before, and often wondered if she really took in her web to save it from destruction, and was able to put the same web out again.

JEAN LYONS,
Age 12, Troop 2, Webster Groves, Mo.

My Aurora Borealis

Ten people, probably, have had the opportunity of seeing so wonderful an Aurora Borealis as I saw several winters ago. It was a beautiful, cold, clear night when one of the family noticed it from a window. We all rushed out and were amazed to find the sky ablaze with vivid, changing streamers. Not the north alone, but the whole sky was aglow.

In every direction the gorgeous ban-

ners flung out their crimson fingers. Never an instant was it the same. It seemed to grow brighter and brighter. Beginning in the north, the blazing streamers flashed across the sky, changing shape and color constantly. The heavens seemed possessed of a weird and goblin fire.

We watched the phenomenon for nearly an hour until the strange fires seemed to burn themselves out and gradually fade away. The last traces were not gone, however, for much longer than that.

I have never seen a more wonderful sight, and I certainly shall never forget it.

ELAINE WILLIAMS,
Age 14, Troop 1, Hamilton, Mont.

To My Friend, the Tree

Oh, tree! To thee I bring
A message sweet as echoes ring.
Your sheltering arms have secret charms,
As bird's nest high on a bough I spy.
Your leaves green in summer,
In autumn red
Bring thoughts of fairy-tales into my head.

Oh, tree! To thee we bring
A tribute lovely as a bird on wing,
To thee, oh, tree! Our tribute we sing.

EVELYN WALCOTT,
Age 14, Troop 12, Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Have you stopped to notice, these January days, what delicate Japanese-like designs the bare branches of a tree may trace against a winter sky? What strength and vigor forms that upward thrust of the trunk? Don't wait for green leafage and the nesting season before writing and sending us your Tree Poem.

Kittens or Owls?

One evening our Captain's attention was attracted by something grey and furry in a tree. She thought it very funny to see what she thought were kittens, in a tree, so she looked closer and was surprised to find that her kittens were three baby screech-owls, blinking and nodding as unconcerned as owls can be.

The next night I looked and there they
(Continued on page 38)



The exquisite charm of slender birches lingers in this photograph by Kathleen Atkinson, Troop 13, Providence, R. I.

Girl Scout News From Everywhere

We aren't afraid of Jack Frost!

Yes, what appeared first as a sure 'nuff snowball snow man, planted securely on the ice of Lake Geneva, Wis. (only look once at the Picture Spread for verification!), suddenly came to life, shook cotton snow from his shoulders and goloshes, cocked his hat a little cockier than before, trimmed his briar, and leapt to the head of a snake dance formed by Girl Scouts. To be sure, these same Girl Scouts had offered the most winning overtures in the form of songs, dances, a snowball fight, games of leapfrog, London Bridge, Tug o' war, etc. Seems to us no snow man of true sporting spirit could have resisted them with their perky caps, bright sweaters, white knickers, and even unexpectedly gay knee-bands of red, blue and yellow. Suffice to say, he didn't, and if jollity reigned before, it reigned supreme when he led the game before both a matinee and evening audience that gathered for a Community Winter Carnival. As finale, the Boy Scouts brought four toboggans and drew off Snow Man and Girl Scouts to a lively song of welcome to winter sports.

A fourteen-year-old Girl Scout, Alice Denison, wrote this unique "stunt" for both the Girl Scouts and her community, and we add our congratulations to many others for the spirit of gaiety and winter fun which she created, and which won so much success.

Louise Price suggests:

"When the dead of winter comes, ye northerners, 'tis time to put on goloshes and smoked glasses, and tramp through the glistening woods. And just for the very reason that one's spirit may dwell freely on the surrounding winter loveliness, one must first think in the most practical-minded way about outdoor clothing. You may be surprised to find how greatly a toboggan cap or tam, a heavy sweater or mackinaw, a woolen middy or a Pontiac shirt, woolen bloomers or respectable knickers (full at the hip and knee!), long underwear, woolen hose, mittens or woolen gloves, and Chappaqua or similar boots, will add to your ability to be appreciative.

"What not to wear is almost as important. I remember one girl who came to a winter day's hike wearing a new squirrel jacquette that Santa brought her, a hat with feathers for the wind to blow, brother's riding breeches, and fine-leather, high-heeled shoes protected by sandal overshoes. As a result, she could neither keep her feet on the ground, nor her eyes on the sky. Moral: wear sensible clothing you can forget. Also, if you are camping, take a change, so that if you get wet, you won't have to go to bed while you dry out!" From our Camping Department at National Headquarters.



Winners at last, these Girl Scouts from Longmont, Colo. rest on the glacier after their long climb

Gladima turns Scribe and reports:

Real Girl Scouts, these, when it comes to an all-day, upward climb to the Saint Vrain Glacier that glistens whitely aloof and always still ahead, though one's knees will ache and long to rest that last hour. Girl Scouts in Longmont, Colo., hardened themselves for this trip by gradually increasing the length of their hikes from camp, and finally reached the glacier in good spirits, as the picture shows.

Orange Edition of THE AMERICAN GIRL! The Girl Scout Rally of the Oranges, N. J., held in December, opened on a cover pose of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and proceeded with a program divided into eight parts, each representing some department of the magazine. Among other attractions, a scene from *Little Women* was given by the Senior Girl Scouts, a camp scene dramatized, and a Home Service Demonstration carried out. Each item was planned by a different troop, ending with *The Editor's Trail*, when Helen Ferris in person appeared in the picture.

In the midst of a joyous ski-picnic, as shown on the picture spread, Troop Three of Lee, Mass., remembered that birds, too, enjoy a dinner on the snow. They were even more thoughtful than that, for they trampled the snow hard before spreading grain for the birds, which could easily light and pick up the kernels.

Speaking of our magazine—not long ago when fifty-two (52) Girl Scout leaders from Michigan, Wisconsin and In-

diana, met together, they decided to be a 100% subscribing American Girl Conference. And they were. Of course this isn't a hint. And P.S.—so was the "Hendrik Hudson" region 100%, and so was the "Pioneer" region—and so are some others going to be!

A game to play

whether you have snow or not

Here is a Message Relay Game devised by the Captain of Troop 10, New York City, which has stood the test of four years' service with both Boy and Girl Scouts:

The players choose sides of not more than eight and not less than four, called for convenience patrols. Each patrol has a letter or number; every member of each patrol is numbered. No leader can well handle more than four patrols in one game. Measure off a space giving a stretch of from forty feet to a city block, according to your ground and the strength of your players. Have at least ten feet between your patrols. All odd numbers in the patrols stay near the leader; even numbers to far end of space. The leader writes down a message such as might be given in an emergency. On signal all the Number One's approach her and receive the message which she may repeat to them clearly and slowly, three times. They may repeat it to her three times if necessary, but as soon as they have memorized it they race off to give it to the Number Two of their patrol. Number Two steps out of hearing of the other members of her group to get the message, relays it to Number Three, and so on. The last

(Continued on page 38)



ABOVE: That Merit Badges sprout as luxuriantly in bare winter woods as amid summer green is well-known to these Syracuse, N. Y., Girl Scouts, who are preparing the fire of a winter day's explorations



ABOVE: Wondrous and jolly, this Snow-man led the Girl Scouts of Lake Geneva, Wisc., who designed him, in their "Snow Frolic"

BELOW: Scarcely the smile of a victim, we think, though appearances are certainly against her on the lake at Camp Andree, N. Y.

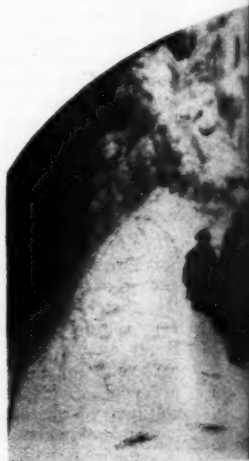


RIGHT: This gorgeous palace of ice and snow, which once might have originated some old Norse legends, was created by a broken water spout plus the right weather



LEFT: Off to a dinner cooked on snow by Girl Scouts who know the fun of a winter ski-picnic, in Lee, Mass.

RIGHT: No, not a farm—the two buildings are Assembly and Kitchen of Cleveland, Ohio's camp, used the year 'round, though the swimming hole under the large, right-hand tree rests up in winter



Enter A Big

Click a Camera on your

COME one, come all! A girl, a camera, and the world around her—what simpler means could be asked to snap a picture that will interest other Girl Scouts and, possibly, earn a prize? For the world is bubbling over with merit badges in the making; you have or very likely can borrow a camera, and who better than a Girl Scout has eyes to see by, and a finger to click a shutter at the right instant?

Down to business, did I hear you say? That means for us rules, subject, and time allowed. **Rules:** 1. Give the name, age, troop number, address and name of badge that the picture illustrates, on the back of every print. 2. All pictures must be glossy prints (because that kind reprints best in a magazine—and hasn't every photograph the hope of a prize behind it?) 3. Every contestant must have taken the photograph herself, though the time she took it does not matter. 4. No photograph will be returned. 5. Every girl may submit three pictures if she wishes.

All pictures must, of course, illustrate "A Merit Badge Come to Life." Now, as you probably see almost any picture becomes eligible, for Girl Scout Merit Badges cover almost every interest a girl may

Camera Contest!

ur "Merit Badges Come to Life"

have. For instance, if you have a good hiking picture, that illustrates the Health Winner Badge. A good outdoor cooking picture—the Cook Badge. Anyone can see what kind of picture will illustrate the Child Nurse or Gardener. If you like to take indoor pictures, why not one to illustrate the Hostess Badge? And so on.

Mrs. Jessie Tarbox Beals, long a friend of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and a well-known New York photographer, will give further suggestions next month on taking pictures. (But don't wait until then to try a "shot"—speaking Hollywood-wise. You'll be better prepared for help if you learn what you can, first.) Mrs. Beals will be a judge of the Contest. The first prize will be a camera, or photographic equipment of like value, as the girl suggests. The second and third prizes will be pictures by Mrs. Beals. Those of you who remember her picture of John Burroughs, given in a previous contest, will realize how lovely her photographs are.

The contest closes February fifteenth. Ever discover how quickly a date that you think weeks ahead, comes around? Remember the feeling, and get out your camera today!



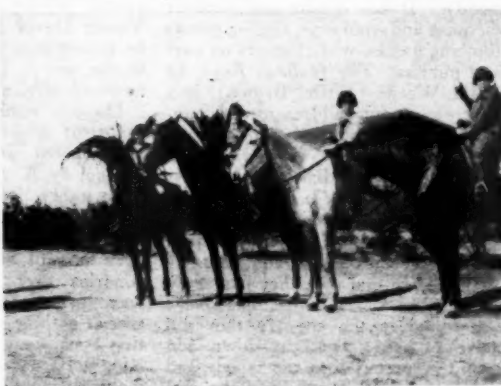
ABOVE: Behold, O Northerners, a chief winter sport in West Palm Beach, Fla.! Seems as if in these warm, sunny waters, Swimmer and Sailor Badges would simply drift into one's hand



ABOVE: Somebody's dog just insisted on sharing the joys of a snow expedition with these Casper, Wyo., Girl Scouts



LEFT: A hike to this unique goal proved a jolly troop affair in Carbondale, Pa., and incidentally provided training for the Pathfinder, Health Guardian, Photographer, etc.



BELOW: If you live where winter is friendly there's nothing better than a morning ride to earn the Horsewoman Badge, say Riverside, Cal., Girl Scouts



RIGHT: The smiles tell it already! My guess is bacon and beans, a crackling fire, with stunts and marshmallows to follow, after a mid-winter hike to this cabin of the Buffalo, N. Y., Girl Scouts



LEFT: Ever wonder how your summer camp weathers the winter? These Girl Scouts go out to see, and include a sled in their equipment, for the long coast down to the river



Start the New Year with a Book

I DECLARE there ought to be something done about these adventure stories of Samuel Scoville, Jr., if I am to get any work done. When I pick up his new book, *The Red Diamond* (Century) and find on the first page a young man answering an advertisement: "Wanted: brave man: big danger: big money: no questions asked or answered," what can I do but drop everything else and find out what happens—and what happens is plenty. Miss Ferris tells me that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has added Mr. Scoville to our list of authors and I congratulate all concerned, for he has been one of my authors ever since I came upon the first of this series, *The Inca Emerald*. But lest you think I have found no stories about girls this month, here is one of the best I have read in some time, a circus story called *Little Texas*, by Dixie Willson (Appleton), about a young girl who takes her mother's place with the Big Show when illness lays her low. The honest, large-hearted circus people are good folk to read about. This is quite a grown-up novel.

One of the books I have especial pleasure in telling you about is by no means new: it appeared eighty years ago and has never been allowed to go out of print in its own country, which is France. *Little Robinson Crusoe of Paris*, by Eugenia Foa, is now published in a new translation by Lippincott, and you will not wonder when you read it that it has lived so long. A little boy is deserted by his wicked guardian in the great city of Paris, just left in one of its famous public gardens—one I visited this summer, by the way, and where I saw hundreds of happy children playing—and has to take care of himself any way he can. He picks up a poor dog and takes care of him, too, and in ways that I will not spoil by telling you, it is through this little creature that "Petit Robinson" is rescued and comes to his own. This would be a good book for a school library. Another book for such a collection, of a different kind altogether, would be Katherine Dunlap Cather's *Younger Days of Famous Writers* (Century). Every now and then some Girl Scout writes to me about her dreams of some day being a writer, and asks me what to do about it. My advice is to put your energies on your composition work in school, and do your best to fit yourself later on to say just what you mean,

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

A Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

clearly, directly, and forcefully. (You think this is easy, just to say what you mean so that anyone can understand you? Well, all I can say is, just you try it and see how hard it is.) But an inspiring sort of book to read in the meantime is one like Katherine Dunlap Cather's, for it tells you under what conditions all sorts of men who turned out to be great writers lived when they were young. They range from Defoe to Stevenson, and you will see what a hard time some of them had. Do you know the story of the boyhood of Charles Dickens, for instance?

Here are two books of games, in which you are always interested: one is for all ages, *Suppose We Play*, by Imogen Clark (Crowell). It has indoor and outdoor games, quiet and strenuous, singing games and thinking games, with chapters on parties and puzzles. *The Holiday Book*, by Margaret Warde (Little, Brown), is a perfect treasure for children in the country. Two such children, a boy of ten and a six-year-old girl, live far away from shops and supplies, so that when holidays come around they must have home-made celebrations and make their own plays. Of course these are better than ready-made ones, and this book shows you how. I was delighted to find that they had sense enough to make a "real Christmas tree"; that is, living in the country they did not have to use a tree cut down and killed, but went out into the woods and trimmed one while it was growing and had their party there. I did that once in Massachusetts and I shall never forget how lovely that dear tree looked as we left it there, the breeze fluttering its paper streamers and clinking its tinsel balls. I had to come back to the city at New Year, but the folks there told me that the decorations stayed on for ever so long, snow and all. They have a tree like that, as I say, in this book. Speaking of the country, there is a book about Vermont life on a farm in summer that I must especially recommend to the older girls. It is *Dipper Hill* and is by Anne Bosworth Greene (Century), who wrote *The Lone Winter*, a story of the same farm under the snow. *Dipper Hill* is a rare book; if you are a city girl it will show you what it is that makes some

people long for the country even if there are no movies or subways or sidewalks; if you live in the country you will continually find yourself crying out "Just listen to this—isn't this just the way it is?" It is not a novel but a record of real life; I suppose it is meant for older readers, but the author's daughter, home for vacations, is such a lovely girl that I am sure girls would like the book.

Camping Out, by Warren H. Miller (Appleton), is a general compendium of the latest advice, from packing the outfit to such luxurious excursions as automobile camping. There is a section on winter camping that is particularly interesting just now. There is another outdoor book of an unusual nature, and a nature book at that: *David Goes Voyaging* (Putnam), by David Binney Putnam, who went in the party with the great naturalist, William Beebe, on his recent expedition to the Sargasso Sea. Young David is twelve years old, but he knows how to set down what he sees in the way I advised you to do it just now—clearly, simply, forcefully.

Do you remember how I shouted in favor of a lovely book of verses last year called *When We Were Very Young*, by A. A. Milne (Dutton)? So many other people believed it to be the best poems for and about children since *The Child's Garden of Verse* that it has been one of the best selling books in America ever since, and has, by the way, just appeared in a new dress for a special holiday edition. But if you know that book you recall a poem called "The King's Breakfast," in which, when the monarch asks for butter, the dairymaid replies, "I'll go and tell the cow now, before she goes to bed." When I was in London this summer, I took tea with Mr. Milne and met Christopher Robin, his little boy for whom the poems were written, and he told me then that he had written a new book that would explain—because so many people had asked him about it—why on earth the cow should be going to bed at breakfast time. So naturally I am charmed to find that in a fine new book, *The King's Breakfast* (Dutton), there is not only this explanation complete, but some delightful music by Mr. Fraser-Simpson, the composer (I met him the same day, he owns the dog that is in the poem, *Puppy and I*), so if you wish you could make a regular ballet of it.

Cantilever Stores

Cut this out for reference

Albany—11 Orpheum Arcade (Main & Market)
 Albany—45 Columbia St. (Cor. N. Pearl)
 Allentown—455 Hamilton St.
 Alton—Bendheim's, 1305-11th Ave.
 Asheville—Pollock's
 Atlanta—126 Peachtree Arcade
 Atlantic City—2919 Boardwalk (Near Rialto)
 Baltimore—314 North Charles St.
 Birmingham—Parier City Shoe Co.
 Birmingham—319 North 20th St.
 Boston—100 Newbury St. (Cor. Clarendon St.)
 Bridgeport—1025 Main St. (2nd floor)
 Brooklyn—516 Fulton St. (over Mirror Candies)
 Buffalo—641 Main St. (Above Chippewa St.)
 Burlington, Vt.—Lewis & Blanchard
 Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
 Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
 Charlotte—228 North Tryon St.
 Chicago—163 N. State St., (3rd floor Butler Bldg.)
 Chicago—1639 Leland (near N. W. way)
 Chicago—6416 Cottage Grove Ave. (Woodlawn)
 Cincinnati—The Meakin Co.
 Cleveland—1745 Euclid Ave.
 Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
 Dallas—Medical Arts Bldg.
 Dayton—The Biss-Kumler Co.
 Decatur—Rupp & Son
 Denver—224 Foster Bldg.
 Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
 Detroit—2038 Park Ave. (at Elizabeth St.)
 Dubuque—107 W. 1st St. (N. 1st Ave., W.)
 Elizabeth—258 North Broad St.
 Erie—Weasler Co., 910 State St.
 Evansville—North Shore Bootery
 Evansville—510 S. 3rd St. (near Main)
 Fitchburg—W. C. Goodwin, 343 Main St.
 Fort Wayne—Mathias App's Sons
 Fresno—The Bootery
 Grand Rapids—Herscheidt Co.
 Greenville—Pollock's
 Harrisburg—217 No. 2nd St.
 Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.
 Holyoke—Thos. A. Childs, 275 High St.
 Houston—205 Foster-Bank Comm. Bldg.
 Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl
 Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
 Ithaca—Boothby Bros.
 Jacksonville, Fla.—Opp. Seminole Hotel
 Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
 Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House
 Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg.
 Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
 Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
 Lexington, Ky.—Denton, Ross, Todd Co.
 Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
 Little Rock—417 Main St. (Fugh Bldg.)
 Long Beach, Cal.—536 Pine Ave.
 Los Angeles—733 Hill St.
 Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
 Lowell—The Bon Marche
 Macon—Macon Shoe Co.
 Madison, Wis.—Mammy Shoe Store
 Manchester, N. H.—Wm. Marcotte Co.
 Mansfield—Brewster Shoe Co.
 Memphis—28 No. Second St.
 Milwaukee—Brower Shoe Co.
 Minneapolis—45 Eighth St. South
 Missoula—Missoula Mercantile Co.
 Mobile—E. H. Britton
 Nashville—J. A. Meadows & Sons
 Newark—207 Broad St. (2nd floor)
 New Bedford—Olympia Shoe Shop
 New Haven—100 Orange St. (near Court)
 New Orleans—14 W. 40th St. (South of Loh.)
 New York—2950 Third Ave. (152nd St.)
 New York—13 John St. (Bet. Bway & Nassau)
 Norfolk—Ames & Brownley
 Oakland—510-15th St. (opp. City Hall)
 Omaha—1708 Howard St.
 Pasadena—378 E. Colorado St.
 Passaic—4 Lexington Ave. (at Erie Depot)
 Paterson—18 Hamilton St. (opp. Regent Th.)
 Peoria—105 S. Jefferson St. (Lehmann Bldg.)
 Philadelphia—1932 Chestnut St.
 Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
 Plainfield—M. O. Van Aredale
 Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
 Portland, Ore.—222 Washington St.
 Poughkeepsie—Louis Schenberger
 Providence—The Boston Store
 Reading—Blg. B. Schweriner
 Richmond, Va.—Seymour Style
 Roanoke—J. Bachrach Shoe Co.
 Rochester—257 Main St., E. (3rd floor)
 St. Joseph, Mo.—218 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)
 St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg. (opp. F. O.)
 St. Paul—45 E. 5th St. (Frederic Hotel)
 Sacramento—1013 K Street
 Saginaw—Goeschal-Kulper Co.
 Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
 San Diego—The Marston Co.
 San Francisco—127 Stockton St.
 Scranton—Lewis & Reilly
 Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
 Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
 Sioux City—The Fallett Co.
 South Bend—Ellsworth Store
 Spokane—The Crescent
 Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.
 Tacoma—255 S. 11th St. (Fidelity Trust Bldg.)
 Toledo—LaBalle & Koch Co.
 Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
 Troy—25 Third St. (2nd floor)
 Tulsa—Lyon's Shoe Store
 Uiles—25-36 Mainline St. (Cor. Union)
 Washington—1819 F Street (2nd floor)
 Wilkes-Barre—M. F. Murray
 Wilmington, Del.—Kennard-Fyle Co.
 Worcester—J. C. MacIntosh Co.
 Yonkers—23 Main St.
 Youngstown—B. Makman Co.

Agencies in 447 other cities



Happy Feet Make Happy Girls

Happy feet are those that are always up-and-doing, ready to take you along woodland trails and country roads by day. And when night comes, such feet are not tired. They do not spoil your fun or make a grouch. Girl Scouts above all need happy feet for if their feet lag they cannot enjoy all the pleasant outdoor activities that Girl Scout life offers.

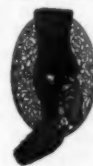
Your feet will be as unhappy in some shoes, as wild birds in a cage. But in Cantilever Shoes your feet are always active and comfortable. These flexible shoes are the next thing to an Indian's moccasins. They give you the foot freedom that Nature intends, and encourage a natural, tireless stride that carries you over the ground with the graceful swing of a seasoned woodsman.

You will like Cantilevers for school or for Scout activities. They are well made shoes that will stand up under hard wear and look well on your feet.

The Cantilever oxford pictured above is a much favored style with Girl Scouts. Natural, boyish lines, a low flat heel and a flexible arch which harmonizes with every foot movement, give your feet all-day comfort. Your foot muscles can build up springy strength in a shoe like this.

Cantilever Shoes are made in attractive style but always along graceful, natural lines. They are good-looking shoes. There are some splendid oxford styles and a variety of modish pumps for dress wear which are both comfortable and effective in style.

If none of the stores at the left is near you, write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 429 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address of a Cantilever dealer who is more conveniently located.



Cantilever Shoe

Waul and Dyke, Inc.

(Continued from page 18)

Collins having discharged her—and together they flew to Jane's room.

"This has all been a frightful, horrid business," she complained bitterly while with Marie she rushed about running a bath for Jane, laying out towels, opening the bed, applying bandages and liniment, and finally tucking Jane up like a baby. "You are shaken, my poor dear child. Marie, fill the hot-water bottle quickly. That dreadful cold ocean! Now, my dear, don't put your feet to the floor again today. I'll make some excuse downstairs. I'll say you have a chill! I'm afraid that's true enough. And I shall tell Aunt that this bother about the bracelet must stop. It simply must."

"Is there time for Beryl to come and see me before luncheon?" Jane asked.

"Yes, of course there is," Mrs. Merri-man assured her, smoothing the sheet under her chin. "I'll send her right to you. There's five minutes or more."

"I'm not sure she knows which my room is."

"I'll tell her. Come, Marie."

But the five minutes passed, and the luncheon gong sounded without Beryl's putting in an appearance. Jane gave her up and resigned herself to simply being comfortable and resting. The hot-water bottle at her feet was very nice and Mrs. Merriman had arranged her pillows beautifully. Jane's heart had warmed delightfully toward Grace's mother. What a dear she was! She was lying on her side against her pillows, looking out at the tips of trees whipped about in the misty rain when she heard the door open. Well, here was Beryl at last. Drowsily, she turned her head. It was too bad Beryl was making herself late for luncheon, though. Jane decided to urge her hurrying right down and returning afterward. She opened her mouth to speak, but shut it without uttering a sound. For though the person who had come in at her door was Beryl herself, she was behaving very strangely!

She had not given one glance toward the bed. She was stealing on her tiptoe over toward the dressing table, and acting as though she were alone in the room. When she reached the dressing table she stood listening. Jane could see her listening expression reflected in the mirror. Then she bent down a little and yanked at a drawer. It did not open. It was locked. She tried another. That, too, was locked. She tried them all. But Aunt Augusta had been quite thorough about the drawers in her dressing table. Jane already knew that Beryl would find them all locked.

But how amazing in Beryl all this was! Jane raised herself on an elbow prepared to speak to her friend. She had kept still until this instant only because of her surprise.

Beryl heard the movement and jumped guiltily. Quickly she jerked something from her pocket and dropped it clatteringly onto the top of Aunt Augusta's

dressing table. Then she fled from the room without glancing toward the bed. Jane sat up, and bending forward, stared wide-eyed at the object Beryl had thrown down on the dressing table. It sparkled, all fire and beauty, even in the gray light of this gray day. It was the bracelet!

Jane sprang from the bed, forgetting her night-gowned state and dashed after her friend. Beryl was not in the hall! Jane stood, not believing her eyes, looking up and down the long corridor. No, Beryl had actually vanished. There had not been time for her to reach her own door, or any door really, except that to Aunt Augusta's boudoir; and Jane knew that that was locked. Aunt Augusta was making a point of locking things.



A Trip Around the World in Our International Issue

The Prince of Wales in Africa, a castle on the Isle of Wight, camp laundry in Siberia, life-saving in Australia, a true and modern Girl Scout pirate story of the Pacific, block printing for you, à la Japan, fiction stories of girls from other lands—all this and much more in our International Issue (March).

Do not miss March!

Then, as she stood, a motion caught Jane's eye. It was a swaying tapestry directly in front of her, on the opposite wall. Why should it be swaying like that, with no wind? But there was a wind, after all. And it was coming from around the edges of the tapestry. So that was the source of the last night's unaccountable wind, too! There must be a door, or a window behind that tapestry.

Jane stepped forward across the hall and lifted the tapestry back by one corner, but not without a shudder. She was so alone in this dim hall, and Beryl's entrance and exit had been so like a dream! Besides, that cold, damp wind, coming from the back of a piece of tapestry, was too weird. Her hand shook, but she pulled at the tapestry. It came back revealing a door that closed even as Jane discovered it. She swept it open, not stopping to be afraid, and found herself in windy darkness. She groped with her hands, but felt only

blank walls. And the sound of the surf came to her here more distinctly than it came in any part of the house she had yet been in. She remembered how, last night, it had seemed to be pounding at the very foot-board of her bed. Well, this was where it had come from. Another sound came, too. The tinkling of music, unearthly, strange music.

She called once, "Beryl." But no Beryl answered. Now Jane remembered that she was in her night gown. She found and felt for the door through which she had come. She found the handle and it turned. So the thing she had dreaded was not to be. There was not a catch on the door and she was not a prisoner in this dark, sound-resounding place.

She whisked back to her room. Grace was standing by the bed, looking about in amazement, wondering where Jane might be. She had her luncheon on a tray, daintily arranged, and a big red rose was lying across the damask napkin.

"I wanted to bring it up myself," she explained to Jane, who had burst into the room panting. "And oh, my dear, I am so sorry you had a chill!"

Jane took her dressing gown from the foot of the bed and putting it on crawled back between the sheets.

"That rose is a beauty!" she commented. "And you're a nice thing, Grace."

"Oh, but I didn't think of the rose. That was Paul. He got it from mother's conservatory."

Jane felt herself blushing. What an idiot she was, blushing because Paul Waul, "the marvelous," had sent her a rose!

But as Grace, glowing with Jane Dyke's praise, turned to go downstairs for her own luncheon, a radiance from the dressing table caught her attention. She stopped and stood as though frozen. Jane put her tray down on her bedside table and clenched her hands. This was a mess. Poor Beryl! But Grace was still so long that finally Jane asked nervously, "Well, my dear, why don't you say something?"

A sob was Grace's reply. She was crying. But after an instant she came and knelt by Jane's bed. "Did you really do it?" And then in almost the same breath she answered herself, "No, you never, never did it."

"No, I didn't steal the bracelet," Jane assured Grace. "But all the same there it is. And I can't explain it, or at least I won't explain it. So what are you going to do now?"

Grace's reply came instantly. "Tell Paul. He'll know what to do."

A few hours ago this reply of Grace's would have brought the red of anger to Jane's cheeks, and a scornful laughter to her heart. But not now. Now it seemed only the appropriate answer. Of course. The time had come at last to tell Paul about Beryl.

She took her friend's limp hand. "Yes, do tell him the bracelet is found. Or

(Continued on page 32)

Ask for "The American Girl" for Christmas

Do You Like to Ski?

Then read this

MANY beginners in this country make the mistake of starting out with poor skis and bindings. They say to themselves, "I will get a cheap outfit now and a better one when I learn how to use them," and the result is that a great many of them never learn how to ski.

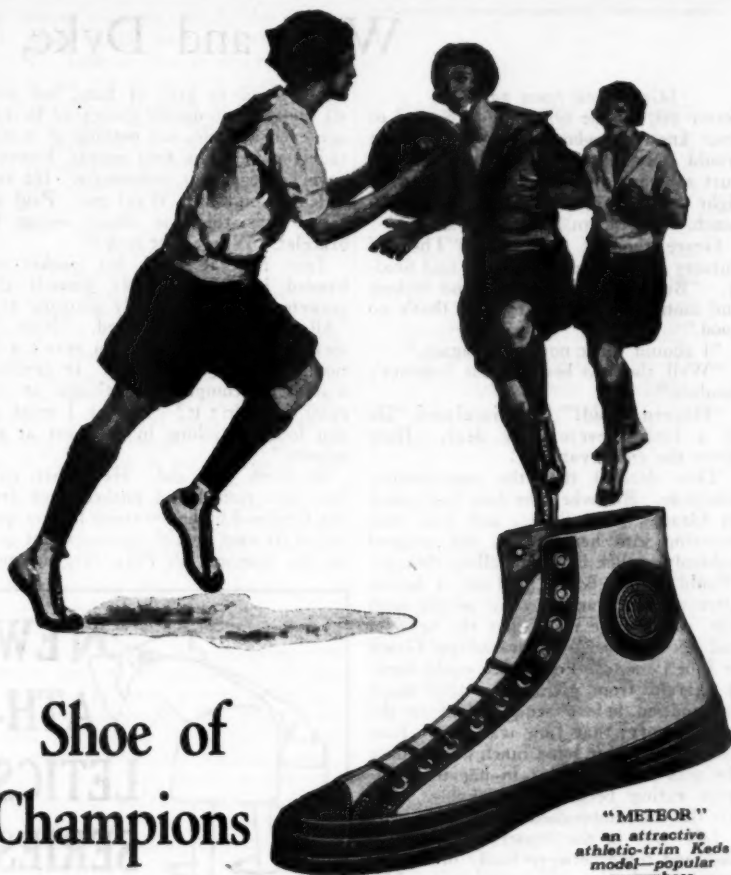
Skiing is too much of an art to be gone at in a haphazard manner, and the beginner is handicapped enough, without further handicapping himself with inferior equipment. Do not get the idea, however, that skiing is for a few experts only; it is a sport for everybody, boys and girls, men and women. It is something that anyone can easily accomplish, providing the proper equipment is secured and the first trials are made in the proper way.

First of all it is necessary to get a good pair of skis, one bearing the name of a reputable manufacturer who stands back of his goods with a guarantee that they are right, and the same thing also applies to bindings. A good pair of bindings or foot harness is just as necessary as the skis.

People in this country have been led to believe that a pair of simple toe straps are sufficient, and they even think it is dangerous to tie the ski to the foot. This is incorrect. In the first place it is impossible to do any skiing with the toe straps alone, and on the other hand it is ten times more dangerous to go down a steep hill without having the skis securely fastened on than it is otherwise. If a girl falls when the skis are not properly fastened on, she is apt to be thrown awkwardly out of the path against a tree, rock or some other obstruction. The skis will run away from her down the mountainside, and she will have a hard time finding them. But if the skis are properly and securely fastened to the feet, she will be anchored right where she falls. She will stay with her skis and the skis will stay with her. It is a rare occurrence that anyone gets hurt when this is done.

It may sound strange, but it is a fact that the ash and hickory material used by Norwegian manufacturers has for years been imported from this country and Canada—the hickory from Florida, and the ash from Canada.

The length of one's skis should be such that when they are standing on end, the point can be easily touched with the finders. The proper lengths for grown-up men are seven or seven and one-half feet, according to the size of the man, and for young women, six and one-half and seven feet respectively are the proper sizes. The width of the skis should be as follows: four inches in front, where the bend begins, seven and one-half in the middle, where the foot rests, and three and one-half inches on the extreme rear end, and the shorter lengths narrower in proportion. If one can get a good book on skiing, it will be of great help in the absence of personal instruction.



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Enter your favorite snapshot in our Camera Contest. See page 26

Waul and Dyke, Inc.

(Continued from page 30)

better yet, let me tell him. No need of your knowing who had it though. It would only hurt and bother you, and hurt someone else, too. I'll get dressed right away now while you're having lunch. Where can I see Paul, alone?"

Grace thought about it. "The old nursery is the ideal place," she said finally. "But the door's closed and locked, and mother's lost the key. So that's no good."

"I should think not. Try again."

"Well, the next best is Aunt Augusta's boudoir."

"Heaven forbid!" Jane ejaculated. "Do be a little cleverer, my dear. How about the conservatory?"

They decided that the conservatory would do. But when the door had closed on Grace's loyal figure, and Jane was hurrying into her clothes, she stopped suddenly, struck by an appalling thought. Would Paul's belief in Jane, a belief, after all, only an hour or so old with him, survive the news that the bracelet had actually been discovered by Grace in Jane's room? For Grace could hardly refrain from giving him that much information before sending him to the conservatory; that Jane was sure. Jane had meant to eat some lunch hastily once she was dressed. But in her new distress eating became unthinkable. She left the food untouched.

Jane was in the conservatory, pacing back and forth between banks of flowering plants, for many minutes before Mr. Waul came to find her. Into her low belt she had tucked his red rose. But as every minute that passed without bringing him made her anxiety the keener and lowered her faith that in spite of appearances he would still believe in her innocence, an unreasonable shyness took possession of her. She pulled out his rose, and at that instant she heard his step. He was coming, over there, beyond the little flowering Japanese trees. Whatever should she do with the rose now so that he should not know that she had come down wearing it? Fortunately she was standing near a rose bush, or she thought it was fortunately! Quickly, before he could come around the edge of the row of trees, she took her red rose and thrust it in among the other roses. He would think it had grown there. And so he would have thought, had it not been a pink rose bush, and the rose he had sent her a very red, red one.

As he came toward her she saw that the expression on his face was one that she could not read. But she made an effort to compose herself and to behave as though she expected him still to believe in her. She faced him and began speaking rapidly. "If I were a heroine in fiction, Mr. Waul," she said, "I'd take the blame onto myself now and admit I stole the bracelet. But I'm not that kind of a heroine, and I can't imagine taking blame like that. So I am going to expose one of my very best friends. It's never done, is it?"

She tried to grin at him; but after all she was too deeply concerned to manage even a smile, say nothing of a comradely grin. His first words, however, gave her back her composure. He said, "Please don't Mr. Waul me. Paul me. Grace has told me about seeing the bracelet. Where is it now?"

Jane took it from her pocket and handed it to him. He himself then pocketed it coolly, hardly glancing at it. "All right," he commented. "Now fire away. Thank Heaven you *aren't* a fiction heroine, Jane Dyke. It certainly would be complicating things at this point, wouldn't it? Though I must say you look something in the part at this minute."

In truth Jane did. Her short, curly hair was ruffled and pushed back from her forehead by her nervous fingers quite out of its own modish contours, but quite in the manner of Pola Negri's more

handkerchief. Then when such a fuss was made, she got scared and thought if she owned up she'd be called a thief and sent to prison. And haven't you yourself noticed how dreamy and strange she's been acting? Besides, she's always hiding away somewhere. She's never with the rest of them. She wasn't even at lunch today, you see, or at breakfast."

"Oh, but she was. She was at luncheon," Paul exclaimed. "That's what makes it hard for me to understand about her being up in your room at all. She must have simply flown down the stairs. She was in time for soup. And I can't be so easy on her as you are, not on her trying to cast the guilt like that on a good friend, on you. Why didn't she slip it into one of the fellows' rooms, or just drop it on the stairs or something. What has she against you?"

"Nothing. Why, Paul Waul! How can you! Of course, she couldn't have known it was my room. Don't you see someone had told her it was Aunt Augusta's room, and she was simply returning it in the most direct way she dared? I am, in Aunt Augusta's room, you know."

"Who would have given her a wrong direction like that? Haven't all of you an idea where the others are sleeping? Don't you know her room, Beryl's?"

"Yes, I do happen to know Beryl's, but only because I saw her peeking out of it last night, when I came up after our talk in the drawing-room. I don't know which are the others' bedrooms, though, and I don't believe Beryl knows mine. Truly. Of course, she thought it was Miss Collins's. Oh, can't you see?"

But Mr. Waul still looked skeptical. Jane took a step closer to him and looked up into his clouded eyes. "You were ready to think the best of me you could, even when you were sure I had taken the bracelet," she pleaded. "Why can't you think the best of Beryl, too?"

"Well, you're you. That's different," he said. But he quickly added, "It's difficult to understand about the door behind the tapestry. I thought it was locked and the key lost. That's the door to our old nursery quarters, and it's not been open this summer. How should Beryl know anything about it? And since she did know and got through somehow, how did she ever get down to the dining-room so promptly?"

"I say, let's go and see if the door's locked now," Jane suggested.

No one was in the hall, and so they were free to pull back the tapestry and try the door. Whatever it had been an hour ago, now the door was certainly securely locked. Jane and Paul both tried it. Then they let the tapestry fall back and faced each other questioningly.

What was the secret that lurked beyond the mysterious door? And what did it have to do with the bracelet? Something, surely—all unraveled in the next and concluding chapter of our serial.

(Continued on opposite page)



Girls Who Make the Vassar Basketball Team by Betty Small, Captain of the Varsity, is published in our February issue and is the first article in our thrilling athletics series.

Baseball, basket-ball, hockey, tennis, archery, track, swimming and water sports—all the major athletics for girls are covered in the series. College athletes will tell you their experiences. Pictures and illustrations will make the series more exciting. Watch for this series.

It begins in February

tragic moments; her cheeks were carnation pink, and her hazel eyes had turned inky with fatigue and emotion.

So Jane told Paul Waul exactly what had happened. But she finished, "I have guessed it was Beryl almost from the first. But she isn't a thief. She's just queer. You see, she is such a dreamer and so sentimental and different from ordinary girls! If that bracelet reminded her of your sister, Alfreda Waul's playing—that might be explanation enough. She'd feel it belonged to her—by affinity, or something like that. Anyway, she'd hate to see it on your aunt—begging your pardon—I imagine. I've figured it out that she just swept it in with her

You'll like Dorita and Mariette

So far in this mystery story

A synopsis of the stirring events preceding this installment

It all happens at a house party given by Grace Merriman of Miss Burk's Boarding School, at her home by the sea. Her guests are from Miss Burk's and the Boys' Academy: Jane Dyke, Beryl Cosgrove (a pianist and enthusiast over Miss Alfreda Waul, Grace's aunt and a famous musician), Sylvia Hunt-Smith and Max Colt, Donald King and Cecil Pomeroy. Aunt Augusta Collins is there, a crabbed relative of Grace's, and Grace's mother.

Strange things happen. As the party approach the house, a gypsy dashes across the road and out of sight. At tea, a valuable bracelet which Aunt Augusta has placed on the piano disappears, with everyone right there in the room. Who has it? Or where is it? Jane overhears Aunt Augusta telephoning for Mr. Paul Waul to come and help find it. Mr. Waul is Grace's uncle, whom all the girls dislike from hearsay because Grace thinks him so perfect.

Mr. Paul Waul comes and talks with Aunt Augusta that evening while they all dance. Jane feels an immediate antagonism toward him. When coffee is served, Mr. Waul asks them all to help him find the bracelet. Jane admits she is the one who noticed the bracelet before it disappeared at tea. Beryl admits she has seen it before—on Miss Alfreda Waul's arm at a concert, the winter before. But that doesn't help with the solution of the mystery. Mrs. Merriman interrupts the questioning, saying the party is being spoiled. The evening ends with games, Jane still feeling very antagonistic toward Mr. Waul. Up in her room, Jane lies wide awake. Suddenly, in the dark, a cold, damp wind blows across the foot of her bed—when all the windows are at the head of the bed! In a panic, Jane unsuccessfully tries to find the electric switch. She feels someone is in the room. In a moment, a light in the hall is thrown on and Jane discovers that her door is indeed open. She creeps to that door—no one is in the hall nor is there any win-

dow across through which the damp, cold wind could have come! More mystery. Jane decides to return to the scene of the tea party, now that everyone is in bed, to imagine to herself just what everyone was doing when the bracelet disappeared. In this way, she hopes to solve the problem. She dresses and goes down to the drawing-room. One by one, she goes over the actions of the house party that afternoon. Suddenly she realizes she is not alone. Someone is behind her in the dark!

After a long drawn moment Mr. Waul steps from the shadows. Jane offers to join forces in playing detective, but after listening to her, Mr. Waul refuses to share his ideas, and so Jane leaves him with her nose in the air. Upstairs she sees Beryl open her door a crack and peep through, but when Jane goes to her, there is no answer to her knock.

The next morning when Jane returns to her room from breakfast, she finds the bureau drawers open, and even her bed torn to pieces. Then Sylvia comes and tells her that Marie has been caught leaving the house stealthily with a suitcase. The bracelet was not found on her however. Jane, not believing the suspicion, goes to Marie, who is crying, and promises to speak a word in her behalf to Aunt Augusta. She finds Aunt Augusta outside on the driveway, but Jane meets with such rudeness that, thoroughly angry, she decides to defy the rule of staying within bounds, and goes for a walk. Marie lets her out secretly. Jane walks for half an hour along the edge of the cliff, then realizing that she might lose her way in the fog, she turns back. As she does so, the ground seems to open under her. Half-sliding, half-falling, she drops down, down towards the roar of the surf. Landing at the base of the cliff, she realizes her position; no way to climb back up that smooth cliff side; no time for a rescue party before the swiftly incoming tide should do its work; no possibility of swimming through the terrible surf. Suddenly she hears a voice crying, "Help! Help! Help!" Slowly she realizes it is her own voice. She can't stop it.

The Escape

(Continued from page 14)

dodge back. Not even his flashing speed, however, availed against the stroke of the snake. Faster than any eye could follow, the flat head shot forward, gaping horribly, while two keen movable fangs were thrust straight out like spear-points. They looked like crooked white needles, each with a hole in the side below the point from which oozed the yellow venom. Before the darting weasel had time to gain the shelter of the rock, both fangs had pierced his side, and the great snake was back again in coil. Tottering as the deadly virus touched the tide of his fierce blood, and knowing that his life was numbered by seconds, the weasel yet sprang forward to die at

death-grips with his foe, the cause of his impending death.

As he came, the great snake struck again, but as it snapped back into coil, the needle-like teeth of the other met in its brain. The great reptile thrashed and rattled, but the grip of the red killer remained unbroken long after both were still and stark.

Beyond the black circle of the woods, away from the fatal ledge and through the sunlight, the chipmunk sped, expecting every minute to hear the fierce patter of his pursuer close behind. Little by little he circled, until at last, hardly able to believe in his own escape, he found himself once more in the depths of his own burrow.

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They're the sisters in our new mystery serial

The Lady and the Gnat

(Continued from page 9)

quickly, recovered the puck and, despite the frantic crowding of the defense, shot hard and straight.

Nat saw "Pog," one hand clutching the edge of the cage desperately, throw his body outward, his short stick whirling aimlessly in the air. There was a thud as the rubber disk struck the goal-tend's padding. Then chaos reigned in front of the net. Sticks thrust and banged, players went down, skates blocked and clashed. Nat, for an instant in the thick of it, found himself outside. Then suddenly the puck escaped from the melee and slipped between the skates of an enemy player. Nat made a quick jab with his stick, hooked it out, dug his blades and swept around back of the cage, a Maple Park forward slashing at his ankles. He got free long enough to lift the disk toward the middle of the ice, however, and there Joe took it, only to be stopped by the whistle for off-side. Steve skated down on Nat and waved his stick savagely in his face.

"Don't do that again," he scolded. "Go out for him. Don't let him close in like that. And block him, Nat! Hang it, you act like you were scared of him!"

Nat nodded, swallowed hard and wondered. Scared of him! Was he scared of Phil? That big—big piece of cheese? of course, he wasn't! Then why hadn't he—but cogitation was interrupted by a sudden increase of clamor at the far end. "Hasty" and a Maple Park fellow were down, Steve was squirming and thrusting, figures shot back and forth before the cage. Then a handkerchief waved behind the goal and High School had scored again. Ten to eight now. And, as if Fortune had determined to keep her face turned toward the home team, another tally followed twenty seconds later when Joe Tucker, shooting from the side and well away, saw the puck pass, waist-high, into the cage!

High School needed but one more goal to tie the score, and nearly five minutes remained. Steve implored and threatened, wearers of the Blue encouraged lustily. But that one goal seemed impossible of attainment. Both sides were tired now, and fresh players scrambled over the barrier. Jim, though, was more conservative than the rival coach, for he only took out Will Blaisdell, the point, and "Hasty." Shots become longer, more desperate, sticks slashed more aimlessly, the whistle blew oftener. Maple Park, unable to get through the High School defense, peppered "Pog" from the sides without result. Then High School swept the length of the ice, exhibiting a momentary revival of team-play, and Steve found a straight aisle to the cage and shot. But the goal-tend blocked the hurtling disk and the attempt failed. An instant later, Phil Terrill again threatened. Another forward fed to him as Nat skated out to meet the enemy. This time, thought Nat, Phil shouldn't get by. Puck and Nat reached Phil almost at the same instant. Nat slashed at the disk, missed, felt himself going through the

air and presently, after a long, long while, as it seemed, came down violently, still spinning, yards away. Phil had crashed into him while he had been unbalanced by that desperate clash.

But Maple Park hadn't scored. That was plain, for the puck was back in the center, all hands in pursuit. Nat picked himself up and skated back to position, avoiding the grinning countenance of "Pog."

"One minute more, High School!" yelled Steve shrilly. "Let's get that goal! Come on!"

And get it High School did. Terry Nelson, who had taken "Hasty's" place, shot desperately, almost hopelessly, from at least twenty yards distant and somehow that slowly-moving puck sailed craftily past point and goal-tend and settled comfortably against the back of the cage! Everyone owing allegiance to the Blue went suddenly and thoroughly crazy! And Nat, waving his stick joyously, recalled Nan and hurried to where she sat.

"Isn't it great?" he demanded, beaming.

"Wonderful," Nan agreed. "Or it will be if we win. How much longer will they play, Nat?"

"It's to be a 'sudden death' period. The first goal wins. Gosh, I hope—"

"So do I, but—"

"Well, we're going pretty good. And those guys are tired."

"Phil Terrill isn't," said Nan meaningly. Nat's gaze wavered.

"He can't play it all," he muttered. Nan viewed him thoughtfully an instant. Then she stooped and retrieved from somewhere under the robe a small paper bag. She held it forth, smiling.

"I thought you might like this, Nat," she said softly.

Wondering, he took it. "What is it?" He opened the bag and peered in. "Huh" he ejaculated in puzzled tones. "A dill pickle! Say, what's the big—"

"Don't you like them?" asked Nan innocently. "I thought sour-flies always liked pickles, Nat."

He stared blankly, amazedly. His eyes grew round. His mouth opened but no words came. Nan met his gaze squarely, placidly. Nat's cheeks showed two white disks amidst their hectic red. With trembling hands he squashed the odious bag tight and dropped it beyond the wooden barrier. Then he turned and skated away.

A cold fury possessed him as he awaited the whistle, a fury that made him quiver in every nerve and muscle. Summoned to the bench, he listened without hearing Jim's weighty utterances. He was angry at Nan, but that was nothing to what he felt for Phil Terrill. For, of course, Phil had put her up to it. She would never have done such a thing if left alone. He was certain of that. It was that big piece of cheese—

The whistle had blown. The puck was away, both sets of forwards struggling for possession. The tide of battle flowed this way and that, and then, be-

sieged, Maple Park wrested the disk from the attack and sent it well down the ring. It caromed off the boards and slid toward Nat. To return it would put it again in the enemies' hands, for his own forwards were off-side. Hesitantly he started away with it, watching for a teammate to skate back so that he might pass it. Then Steve's voice came to him above the babble.

"Take it down, Nat!"

He shot off then, the puck nursed close at the end of his stick. Steve fell into place across the rink, Joe swung down beside him. The enemy came skating to meet him. But Nat was shifty and quick. He dodged and sidled, kept the puck at the end of his stick, and swept on. Shouts of "Shoot! Shoot!" broke forth, but he knew better than to try from a distance. Skate he could, but shooting goals was no great accomplishment of Nat's. Yet he meant to shoot in the end, had no intention of heeding Steve's imploring "Nat! Nat! Nat!" from across the ice. Another moment and he might, if luck stayed with him. And then, lashing across toward him came Phil Terrill!

For an instant their eyes met, and this time Phil read nothing of indecision or doubt. Then Nat crouched a little closer to the ice, swept the puck forward and—

He got Phil's charge on head and out-thrust shoulder, but it was Phil and not the "Gnat" who left the ice and plunged into the air in a wide, sprawling fall. Nat fell to one knee, recovered ere the point could reach the puck, pushed it to the left, dug after it, recovered it three yards from goal just as the goal-tend darted out, and jerked it away. Then he went down hard; the goal-tend sprawling above him. But the puck lay just inside the cage and a white handkerchief signaled victory for High School!

Nan was waiting for him a few minutes later. He would have passed on without so much as a look if she had not pushed her way through the triumphant procession and seized his arm. "I'll be ready at half-past eight, Nat," she said.

He tried to pull away, but she clung. Somehow he found himself alone with her a minute later. Nan was speaking.

"It was a perfectly odious thing to do, Nat, but I did so want our side to win, and I thought that if I could get you mad enough—You see, Nat, you hadn't been—I mean Phil was—"

"I know," he owned. "He—he sure got my goat! But I thought—Look here, didn't he put you up to do it?"

"Phil Terrill? Why, the idea! Do you think I'd have done it if he had suggested it?"

"Wouldn't you?" asked Nat quite humbly for a hero.

"Of course not! I think Phil Terrill is—a regular bore!"

Nat smiled expansively on a graying world. "Oh, I don't know," he responded charitably. "Phil isn't so bad."

Two sisters and a lonely farmhouse - in our new serial

Make Your Own Sampler

(Continued from page 23)

coarse weave, as Mrs. Rippin's is made. If you use the linen, you will also need cross-stitch canvas, which you will baste down over the linen to guide you in your cross-stitching. In this case, when you have finished cross-stitching, you will cut away the canvas and pull the threads out from under the cross-stitching. It takes an experienced and skillful cross-stitcher to count linen threads and, without the canvas, produce more than wobbly letters and drooping trees.

In estimating the cost of this background material, you will wish to decide how large you want your completed sampler. Mrs. Rippin's is twenty-five inches square, measured inside the one-inch hem. You may make yours a little smaller if you choose; if so, be sure that the lettering and borders you plan fit the smaller size. You can also make your sampler rectangular rather than square. Twice as long as wide are good dimensions.

When you have purchased your material, your first work will be to hem the four sides, a narrow fold of an eighth of an inch first, and then a wider one, about three eighths of an inch. Whip it on with about three stitches to an inch. The space inside this hem is now the size which you will use in planning your design as a whole.

If you are using linen, cut the canvas so that it spreads just beyond the inner edge of the hem, pin it to the linen, making sure that the lines are straight, and baste it on. Go first around the perimeter, and then across at intervals of two to three inches, and again at right angles in the same way. Your linen will now lie firmly against the canvas, and will not slip, as this would make your cross-stitching crooked.

Now take a piece of graph paper large enough for your entire sampler pattern. This paper has small squares on it upon which you may work out your design. If you have no graph paper, make some by ruling with a sharp pencil a generous-sized sheet of paper into eighth of an inch squares.

Count the number of squares on your canvas from one inner edge of the hem to the other, and mark off this same number of squares on your graph paper for the width. Then count the number from top to bottom for your other dimension. Next, count the number for about one-third of the distance from top to bottom, as that is about the distance for the cross-stitching, as we remarked with Mrs. Rippin's. Mark this distance.

You now have before you the dimensions within which your completed design will be cross-stitched. What shall you put in that space? That is for you to decide. It is to be the story of your Girl Scout life and the various motifs will record it. You will, therefore, wish to work out those motifs before you put them into your larger design. Take a separate piece of paper for this work. The sketch given with this article shows how a patrol emblem was worked out

on graph paper. Books of cross-stitch design are to be had in every department store and will help you. You may also find in the art embroidery departments of large department stores, teachers and demonstrators who assist beginners. Your mother or any of her friends who has done a great deal of cross-stitch will be of assistance in working out your design.

It will be best to transpose the lettering and one of each of the little figures or motifs that you use, onto the graph paper so that you will make no mistakes in counting stitches on your real sampler.

You will find all your succeeding work easier if you plan to put in a very simple, narrow border around the four sides of the sampler. From the inner edge of this you will be able to count stitches far more easily than from the hem itself. After you have planned this border, let us plan from the top down. Perhaps you prefer a different kind of tree for yourself to the Christmas tree at the top. A flower that has a distinct shape would also be attractive, a moccasin flower, for instance. A rose may be conventionalized in the manner of the rose windows of old cathedrals. Or pine cones might be used.

Remember that you need a full square for every change of direction, and that there are only right angles in cross-stitching. It will be a good plan to set off the figures from the squares with a colored pencil or with ink, when you are sure that they are in the right positions.

The line below could be broken up into a very simple border. After this, you would, of course, use your own troop, council, and state. Under this line you again have a chance for an individual border. Do not make these borders elaborate; cross-stitching is not suited to delicate curves or close, intricate design, such as is appropriate to jewelry. Keep it simple and symmetrical. If you have not yet become a First or Second Class Girl Scout, you might measure the space necessary for recording this and leave it entirely vacant until the day arrives when you may fill it. For part of the fun of a sampler is having it grow.

If you have any design in the lower corners, you must find for them something distinctly your own. As far as the appearance of the sampler is concerned, it is not necessary to have anything there, although if you do not, you will space the badges so as to spread further towards the sides. Your sampler will look better to include the cross-stitching at the bottom, as this links the two large divisions of the sampler. Arrange the badges generously over the space. Do not crowd them into a corner, planning to fill the remaining space with later ones. You will wish to plan for more, to be sure, but space those you have in such a way that your sampler will look well balanced from the very beginning. Keep even these first ones equidistant from the sides and towards the upper rather than

(Continued on page 37)



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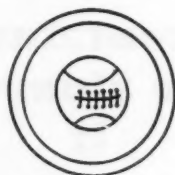
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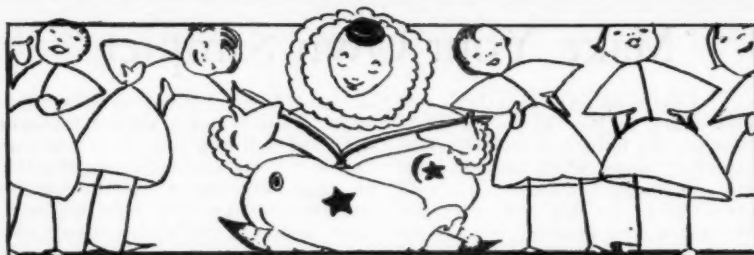
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MIKE: But are ye sure he'll get it?

PAT: Ah, but I mailed it by special delivery to make sure.

Send us your funniest joke
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A Realtor

PAT (on shipboard): And phwat are yez goin' ter do whin yez git to America?

MIKE: Take up land.

PAT: Indade, an' 'ow much?

MIKE: Oh, a shovelful at a toime.

She Knew About Ships

OLD SAILOR: Yes, mum, that's a man-o'-war.

LADY: How interesting! And what is that little one just in front?

"Oh, that's just a tug."

"Oh, yes, of course, tug-of-war, I've heard of them."

—Bucknell Belle Hop

Of Course

The little boy complained that his shoes hurt him. His mother looked at them and saw that in his hurry to get dressed he had put the right shoe on the left foot and the left shoe on the right foot. "You've put your shoes on the wrong feet, dear," she explained. The little boy looked up in wonder. "No, I haven't mummy," he said, "they're my feet."—Youth's Companion.

Precisely



A little boy in southern California was having his first glimpse of snow. "Oh, mother, what is it—what is it?" he shouted excitedly.

"Why, that is snow, George. Whatever did you think it was?"

"Snow! Why, it looks like popped rain!"

Unnecessary Exertion

PULLMAN PORTER: Next stop is yo' station, sah. Shall I brush yo' off now?

MORTON MOROSE: No; it is not necessary. When the train stops, I'll step off!

What Have You?

FIRST GIRL: What are you taking for your cold?

SECOND GIRL: Make me an offer.
—Bonnie Brae Echoes — Springfield, Mass., Girl Scout Camp paper.

A Byway Parable

A small boy was laboriously pushing a heavy hand-cart up a steep hill, and stopping every few minutes to wipe the perspiration from his face. A clergyman who was watching the boy, thinking to help him, called out, "Push it up zig-zag, my lad, and you will find it much easier." "Not so much o' yer bloomin' advice," retorted the boy. "Come and give me a shove."

It Really Happened

DIRECTOR OF A GIRLS' CAMP (not a Girl Scout Camp): Is Betty Page homesick this year?

HEAD COUNSELOR: Yes, she's still homesick but she doesn't cry at night.

DIRECTOR: How is that?

COUNSELOR: Well, you see she's a Girl Scout now. And whenever she feels homesick at night, she puts one of her Merit Badges under her pillow and then she remembers not to cry!



Fair Warning, Anyhow

TEACHER: Johnny, your conduct is outrageous. I will have to consult your father.

JOHNNY: Better not, teacher—it will cost you two dollars. He's a doctor.

—Buffalo Express

Take a trip around the world with our International issue

Your Own Sampler

(Continued from page 35)

the lower half of the space. Do not place the badges very close to the cross-stitching at any spot. The cross-stitching in your sampler is small in proportion to them, and will seem crowded out of the picture if it does not have surrounding space.

If, in spacing a line of lettering, you wish to find the middle for placing it, I have found it a good plan to count the total number of letters—and each space between words as a letter—divide the total by two, and count the letters from the beginning up to that number. The one on which you end is the one to place in the center. It is also a good plan to count the total number of squares needed in the line of greatest length, and those in the line of greatest width, and mark these points, making sure that the points for width are equidistant from the sides.

When you have worked out all your motifs and know all that you wish to put into your sampler, you may, if you wish, assemble your entire patterns upon your large sheet of graph paper. This, however, will not be absolutely necessary. On the large sheet, count squares and then place each part of your design. Mark with x or blacken enough of the squares so that you may see at least one of each motif, the start and the end of each line of lettering, of each border, etc.

You are now ready to purchase your DMC thread in the colors that you have selected. If you show your proposed design to the clerk in the store, she will tell you how much thread you will probably use.

And now for the actual embroidering of your design. If you have used canvas as your base, use the full six strands of the thread in embroidering. If linen, three or four strands are enough. You will find your work easier if you put in the borders first and leave the lettering to be put in after them. There is less counting of stitches for a border than for letters. Then, too, if your nearest border is already present, you need not count stitches from such a distance for your letters, as is necessary if you begin with them. You will see how it goes. By counting the number of squares on your graph paper for each position, and then counting the same number on your canvas, you can proceed—slowly at first, no doubt, but more easily as soon as your first positions are established.

When you come to the badges, sew them on with black thread, using a neat whipping stitch around the edge.

When all your cross-stitching is done, if you have used linen as a base, cut away the canvas which you have used as your guide, pulling out the threads of it from under your cross-stitching.

And you have your own Girl Scout sampler, to keep always—perhaps to frame for your room as Mrs. Rippin has framed hers.

It is an attractive wall decoration and at the same time gives atmosphere to a Girl Scout's room.

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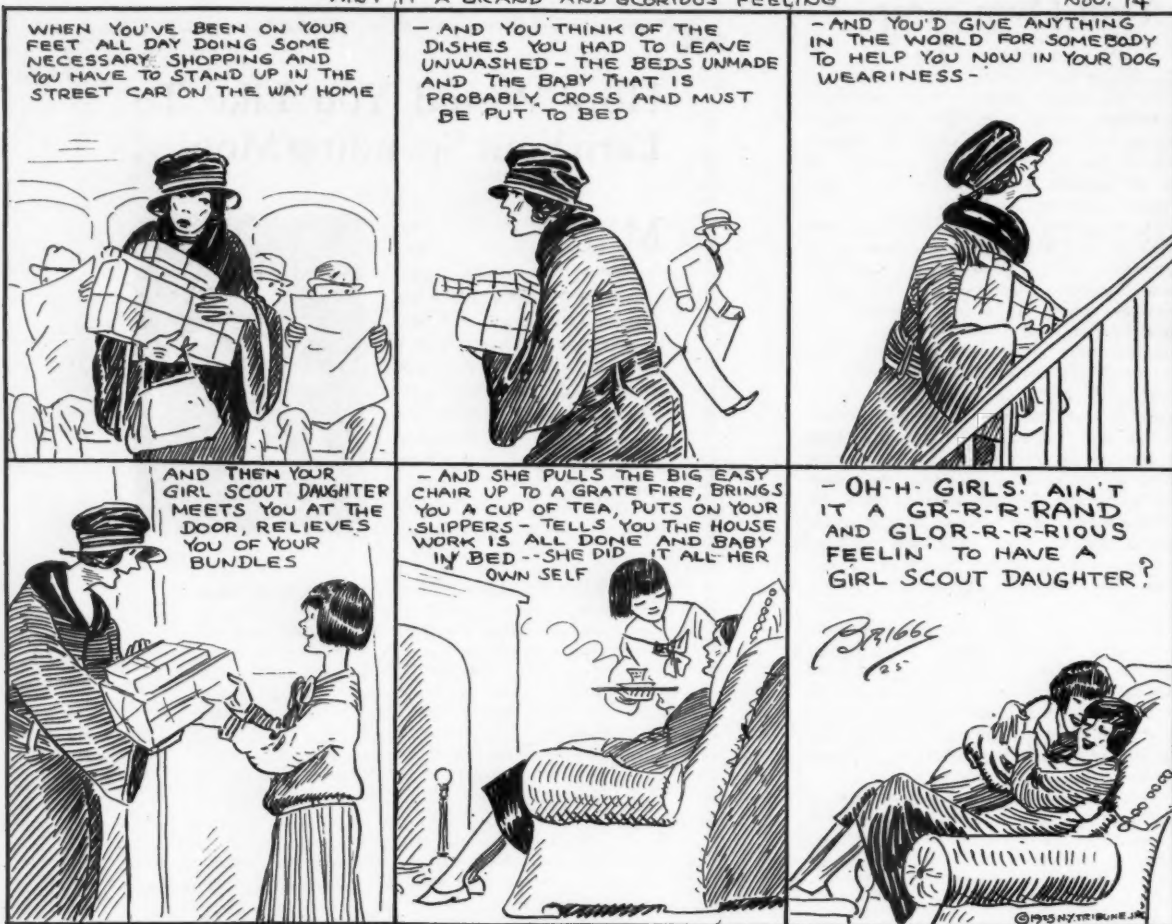
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NOV. 14



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A Game to Play

(Continued from page 25)

member of each patrol gives it privately to the leader, who writes it down in the form in which she receives it from each patrol. Speed of delivery counts 25%, accuracy in repetition, 75%.

Suggested messages

"The church is on fire. Bring buckets and long ladders."

"Water has covered low ground north of Fairview; telephone for boats. Bring food supplies."

"Telephone wires are down at Linton. Mounted messengers needed. Report to me here at once."

"Week-end trip to camp for nature study. Tell your patrol leader whether to expect you. Bring full equipment."

"SOS from THE AMERICAN GIRL office. Please send us your jokes."

"Big Rally at Town Hall. Bring your relatives and friends."

"Serious accident at crossroads. Send ambulance and surgical dressings."

The Beholder

(Continued from page 24)

were, three blinking, nodding owls. I began to wonder where the mother was, when I heard a "To Hooooo, To Hooooo." Then I knew the mother was trying to get the baby owls out of the nest, which was a hollow in a tree along the main street. Later that evening I saw something way overhead on a branch. It was a baby owl. In the nest were the other two. The mother owl was across the street.

That was the last I saw of them.

FRANCES TURNER,
Age 11, Troop 1, Towanda, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: All Beholders will be interested in our big Camera Contest. Consult page 26. Read the rules carefully. Then go to work. It is surprising how many of your pictures will suggest merit badges, and how many scenes for photography will do the same.

A paper in code on the fence post starts our new serial in February

The Little New Year

(Continued from page 15)

there? Fly along, child!" And it drooped its broad silver head back on its shining coils.

Nineteen Twenty-six looked and looked till he saw what he hoped was Earth, shining away below him, and off he went—with a new hold on his traveling bag. Soon he seemed to be swimming instead of flying; the blue night was a measureless depth, a sea of air. Two fishes swam past him waving their tails. They were bound together by a golden chain of tiny stars.

"Please, will you tell me which the Earth is?" said Nineteen Twenty-six, treading water—or air, whichever it was.

"Earth?" said the Fishes. "We hate it! We'd die there! We're the little Pisces, Pisces, Pisces,—we're the little Pisces, that we are!" And off they went, flipping and flapping.

Nineteen Twenty-six thought them very silly. He was ready to cry. And he couldn't swim much farther. But he struggled on, and presently found he could fly again and there, before him, sat a lovely lady in a silver chair. She smiled at him sadly, as he asked where the Earth was.

"I am Cassiopeia," she said dreamily. "I have forgotten, little one—forgotten."

He wanted to sit on her footstool and cuddle his tired wings against her beautiful gown, but he knew he had no time to spare, so on he flew.

Suddenly, "Hold!" cried a great voice, "what do you want here?" And towering above him Nineteen Twenty-six saw a mighty man, with three diamonds studded across his belt and a bright sword flashing above him.

"Oh, don't hit me!" begged Nineteen Twenty-six. "I'm only looking for the Earth."

The great one sheathed his sword and stooped to the little New Year.

"I feared you meant mischief, and tried to frighten the Little Bear I hunt," he said. "I am Orion, the mighty hunter. Yonder is the Earth, child," and he pointed out into the great blue night.

"Thank you," said Nineteen Twenty-six, not at all sure which way he had pointed, and on he went, in something the right direction.

Till presently the air was filled with the clang of a thousand giant hammers beating on great anvils, and the beautiful night glowed angry red and smelled of dark fumes and the sharp heat of the forge. A cruel-faced man all in armor of brass tossed back the red plumes from his bearded face and straightened from an anvil.

"Please sir, is this the Earth?" said Nineteen Twenty-six.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" roared the man. "Earth looked something like this, not so long ago. Nay, this is Mars, where weapons are forged for all the wars of the universe. Ha! Ha! Ha! So the brat wants Earth! Tell your Earth, when you find her, to tread carefully lest she have need of us and our weapons once more. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

And with that he turned back to his hammering and blew the bellows till little Nineteen Twenty-six was near shriveled with the heat, and one of his little wing feathers was singed. He flew off as fast as ever he could, and this time he really did cry; for he was very little and very lonely and frightened. He couldn't even find his way back to Father Time and the Back of Beyond.

Down on the Earth, people were looking at their watches. The Old Year was dead—but where was the little New Year? The bell-ringers stood with their hands on the ropes, ready to clang out a merry welcome the instant he should appear. Companies of friends were grouped ready to clasp hands and say, "Happy New Year." In the great cities merry crowds carrying bells and whistles and clappers stood silent, frozen into waiting, listening statues. The Old Year was dead . . . now there was neither time, nor space, nor anything. Where was the New Year?

To tell the truth, he was having a drink of milk out of a Milk Dipper he had found. It was perfectly delicious milk, for it came from the Milky Way. Nineteen Twenty-six drank and drank and drank, but the more he drank the fuller the Dipper was, so he soon saw it was magic. He thanked it politely, for Father Time had taught him very good manners, and off he flew again, feeling much rested and refreshed.

And presently he found himself once more at the edge of that great airy sea, with the silly little Pisces, Pisces, swimming in it, and a Sea-Goat and a Whale sporting there; and he knew that he must have flown in a great circle and was indeed lost. He clutched the traveling bag desperately, and tried not to cry.

Just then, above him came the winnowing beat of great wings, and looking up he saw a splendid silvery horse coming to him. The wonderful wings spread like a tent of silver, flashed upward, and then were folded silently, and the horse stood beside him pawing the floor of night with a delicate, shining hoof.

"What is it, little one?" said the horse gently. "Why do you weep?"

"Oh," said Nineteen Twenty-six, "I'm looking for the Earth. I've been searching and searching, and I'm so tired, and I'm late now, I know."

"Who are you?" asked the beautiful horse.

"I'm Nineteen Twenty-six," said the little New Year.

"Nineteen Twenty-six!" said the horse, and he looked out and out with gentle, dark eyes into the blue depths. "Nineteen Twenty-six on the Earth. Ah, me!" Then he roused himself. "Yes, you are late. Here, catch my mane; I will take you as near as I dare. The fountain Pirene, does it flow still?"

Nineteen Twenty-six thought he must be talking to himself, as indeed he was.

"Who are you, you lovely thing?" asked the little New Year, scrambling up

(Continued on next page)



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The Little New Year

(Continued from page 39)

somehow to the broad, shining back, and stowing the traveling bag between the shimmering wings.

The horse tossed his head. "I am Pegasus—steed of poets, beloved of the gods," he whinnied gently. "Hold tight, little New Year—I shall travel fast. Not even Apollo's steeds can match me."

And with that he was up and away, striking sparks from the vault of night, so that the waiting earth people said, "See the shooting stars!"

Oh, the keen air racing past, the whirling wonder of that flight, the sweep and sound of those mighty wings. Nineteen Twenty-six folded his own tired little pinions humbly. They passed Mars, hammering still; and Venus, gazing at her own fair reflection in a crystal glass. A comet shot by with its great roaring, blazing tail. It was screaming: "Express for Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune and all points outside! Positively non-stop Express!" Nineteen Twenty-six clasped the flowing silver mane tighter. They passed the Pleiades, the pale dancing sisters, and Taurus the Bull with his lowering red eye, and Procyon on the little dog star ran out and barked at them.

"Ho!" shouted Orion as they sped by. "Good luck, O fortunate rider!" and he flourished his bright sword.

At last, beside the cold still mansions of the moon, Pegasus folded the great swift wings and came to rest.

"I cannot take you farther," he said. "Men have forgotten how to seek me." He drooped his bright head wistfully. "Sometimes I long for the sweet grass that clothes the slope of Mount Helicon, and the bright water that flows from Pirene. Will you tell them, O little Nineteen Twenty-six, there on the Earth, that you have ridden Pegasus—that Pegasus awaits them if only they will turn from their earthly things and look up and out—poetry . . . magic . . . beauty . . . inspiration. . ."

The voice was very sad. Nineteen Twenty-six slipped his small arms around the silver neck.

"I'll try to tell them, dear Pegasus," he said, "If they'll listen to such a little thing as I am."

"You will grow," said Pegasus, "Go, now. You cannot mistake the way. See, Earth looms large before you."

"Thank you, dear, dear Pegasus," said Nineteen Twenty-six. But when he turned to look, the mighty shining wings were far above him; the splendid hoofbeats were among the stars.

Nineteen Twenty-six seized the traveling bag and flew with might and main. He almost bumped into an old, old man, who was flapping wearily along carrying an empty sack.

"Scuse, me, sir," said Nineteen Twenty-six.

"Hey!" said the old man, seizing his arm, "You young scallywag, where have you been? A nice way to start your job, I'll say. Everybody having a fit down there and me dead half an hour ago. Beat it now, kid!"

Patsy Jefferson, the belle of the Duc de Richelieu's ball—in February

"Who are you?" gasped Nineteen Twenty-six.

"I'm Nineteen Twenty-five—*was* Nineteen Twenty-five," the old man wheezed.

The little New Year hurried away. He didn't like the way the old man had talked, "Beat it, kid!" Would he speak like that, when he was old and had done his work on the earth?

"I must tell them about Pegasus . . . tell them about . . ." He was very tired, and a little confused.

His feet touched something solid, rough. Around him rose a clangor of bells, a roar of whistles, a din of human voices crying, "Can you beat it! Well! Happy New Year!"

The great newspaper presses were rolling out the morning edition of the paper. "Unprecedented Phenomenon! New Year arrives at 12:30, half an hour late! Traffic suspended and activity halted during strange delay!"

But little Nineteen Twenty-six lay cuddled against Mother Earth's great warm breast. There were good green smells of hemlock and bay and balsam. A singing wind lulled him. Above were countless stars, shining far and still.

"There, there, little boy," cooed Mother Earth. "You go to sleep for a while now. Don't you care if you were a little late."

"Came so far," said Nineteen Twenty-six sleepily. "So far. I saw awful things. It was so long. I was tired. And, Mother! I rode on Pegasus, far, far!"

"Did you now, dearie?" said Mother Earth, "think of that, now!"

"I must tell them about Pegasus," he said, sitting up.

"You go to sleep now, little boy," said Mother Earth.

"But Mother, I ought to unpack," said Nineteen Twenty-six, looking at the traveling bag.

"You unpack in the morning," said Mother Earth.

And if you don't believe all this, go out tonight and look up—and there you'll see the Great Bear, and the Serpent guarding the Golden Apples, and Orion, the mighty hunter, and the silly little Pisces, Pisces, and beautiful Cassiopeia in her chair, and the Mild Dipper, and Pegasus himself shining low on the horizon, all just as I've told you—and you'll *know* it's true.

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Most food for least money



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The shining golden trefoil may gleam on every necktie, because it is within the reach of all. Every Girl Scout may show she is a Girl Scout because every Girl Scout can afford to buy a pin.

Comes in the following styles and prices:

10K Gold (safety catch).....	\$3.00
Gold Filled (safety catch).....	.75
Midget Gold Filled.....	.50
New Plain Type.....	.15
Old Style Plain Pin.....	.08

National Equipment Department, Girl Scouts, Inc.
670 Lexington Avenue New York City, N. Y.

Going winter camping? Page 2 tells you how you can earn your equipment



GIRL SCOUTS, INC. NEW YORK CITY

This Trademark Is on your official khaki

Three times to the yard—that is the way official khaki is stamped with the trefoil trademark. Every yard that goes into uniforms bears this seal. Thus Girl Scouts can know that their uniforms, their middies, their bloomers, their khaki by the yard,—all are official. They will know, too, that they are buying a fabric made for hardest outdoor wear. Durable, practical, moderate in price, khaki is the ideal fabric for uniforms and has been adopted all over the world. Girl Scout khaki is good khaki. It is "Colonial Mills" khaki.

Order from

National Equipment Department

670 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.

**CATALOG
FREE**

CLASS RINGS & PINS
Largest Catalog Issued—FREE

Samples loaned class officers. Prices \$2.50 to \$8.00 each. No order for class, society, club emblems too large or too small. Special designs made on request.

METAL ARTS CO., Inc. 7709 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.



The New Midget Pin

Girl Scouts, Leaders, Commissioners, Council Members, and other persons actively interested in Scouting now may have a tiny golden trefoil to wear when not in uniform. Just like the tenderfoot pin, only smaller, in the size you see above. Gold filled, \$.50.

National Equipment Department

670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

A Christmas Gift for Mistassini

(Continued from page 21)

mortised into the staunch runners, and lashed with cold-resisting rawhide, were gone over with minute care, as were the traces, trace-rings, and harnesses. A few hours later, the precious anti-toxin, packed securely in the bottom of the sled, the two girls, bundled in the shirt-like parkas of the north, were ready to start on their journey.

"Au revoir," shouted Ruth, waving to her parents in the doorway, "and a Merry Christmas."

"But what about your Christmas presents, my dear?" called her mother.

"We've got the best one of the lot right here, Mother," laughed Ruth. "Two hundred thousand units of it, tucked safely away under Rose."

A last good-bye—and they were off—skimming over the hard snow to the accompanying barks of the excited dogs. For a good mile Ruth let the dogs race on as fast as they cared. Then with the idea of conserving their strength she slowed them to a little trot. By and by the setting sun slipped behind the edge of the world and the surrounding expanse of snow was washed in vivid gold.

But Ruth Macpherson made no halt with the fall of darkness. And since her companion was too drowsy and comfortable, in spite of the keen air, to make any protest, Ruth decided to make it an all-night journey. For a long time nothing broke the silence of the ghostly night but the jingling of the harness and the steady crunch of Ruth's snowshoes.

But toward the dawn the Scotch girl woke her companion, "Quick, Rose, a storm is coming up! We must make better time. Better get on your shoes."

Still half asleep, Rose Stevens tumbled out of her cozy nest of skins and proceeded to lace her shoes. Bad weather was certainly working up fast. The heavens were dotted with scudding clouds, and a biting wind blew in from the north. The girls advanced more slowly now, hugging the edge of the lake for fear of getting lost. The night turned blacker, the wind blew hard in their faces, and the dogs began to pro-

test, slowing to a pace of four miles an hour. Then as the ever-freshening wind whirled the snow into the dogs' faces they came down to a crawl.

Hour after hour they struggled on, at times apparently losing more ground than they made, till at last Ruth called a halt in the lee of a great drift.

"Whew," gasped Rose, dropping wearily to the sled. "This is some storm."

"Looks as if we're going to have a white Christmas," shouted her companion above the roar of the storm, in an obvious effort to keep up their morale.

"Goodness gracious, Ruth," suddenly exclaimed Rose, "do you realize this is Christmas?"

Never will the two girls forget the dreadful hours that followed. With the thought of the stricken settlement uppermost in their minds they struggled desperately on through that thundering Christmas day. The wind, born on the bleak shores of the Gulf, whipped the snow into their faces like needle points, and the edge of the lake, at times, was blotted out of sight. But blindly, indomitably, they struggled on with the precious load of anti-toxin.

The city girl was the first to collapse, crumpling to her knees in speechless exhaustion. Ruth's cracked lips barely succeeded in forming the command to halt. Only too anxious to rest, the gallant dogs flattened themselves in the snow and buried their faces under their forepaws, while Ruth, a ghostly wraith in that world of drifting white, half-dragged, half-carried, her companion to the sled.

Only by infinitesimal degrees did they advance now, plunging the deep snow in an uneven line. At last, when a soft voice, "The Wedigo," the Indians call it, was whispering in Ruth's ear to "stop and rest—just for a few minutes," a black figure loomed out of the gale ahead, and the next instant Doctor Stuart's arms were about her.

"Merry Christmas, Doctor," gasped Ruth from the depths of her snow-encrusted hood. "Your Christmas present is in the bottom of the sled."

Making Good as a Girl

(Continued from page 22)

me especially interested in working for it. And also I will admit that the fun I had in learning had much to do with causing me to go to the classes so gladly.

I greatly enjoyed the Flower Finder Badge too. The realization that nothing is more beautiful than nature was brought to me when I first began to look for the wild flowers in the woods and fields. I enjoyed finding out the names of unknown flowers myself, with a flower guide.

The knowledge which I have gained in my work as a Golden Eaglet has already helped me financially, as I have been earning money for college by caring

for children. I intend to go to a Physical Education School.

This is the first installment of the Golden Eaglets' experiences which, from time to time, will appear in our magazine. Will not those of you who belong to the Order of the Golden Eaglet suggest at one of your meetings that you yourselves discuss, "My most interesting badge" and "My most difficult badge," sending to Helen Ferris, Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL, an account of what the girls say? Other girls, who wish to become Golden Eaglets, will be greatly interested in your experiences and your conclusions.

Another Becky Landers adventure in February



You can earn your own money And your troop can do it, too

*If your troop needs money, do this.
Captains, attention!*

YOUR troop needs money—for your troop room, for troop equipment, for any of the hundred and one things you are doing.

Here is a way to earn that money. Have your troop secure AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions—from every girl they know, from the mothers of every girl they know! Because any girl may subscribe whether or not she is a Girl Scout. You will earn money on every subscription any member of your troop secures—enough on every two-year subscription to pay a year's National Registration dues.

This is how you work. Appoint one member of your troop to be your Earn-Your-Own Club representative. Have her write in for her official appointment card (or send in the coupon below). Then give to her to send in all the subscriptions you secure, depositing the commission in your troop treasury. You will be surprised how easily you can earn this money—and help our magazine at the same time.

If any of your troop do not subscribe, their subscriptions, too, will count for your money-earning if sent in through your Earn-Your-Own Club representative.

Girls, get behind our magazine. We need every subscription you can get. And our plan will help you by bringing you the money you desire.

Secure Subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL
Any girl may subscribe

*If you wish to earn money for yourself,
do this.*

Do you want money of your own? You may have it. Just a little work securing AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions—and the money is yours for your camp trip next summer, for a new party dress, for anything you want. You earn money on every subscription you secure.

And how easy! All you need do is to tell your friends—or your friends' mothers—about THE AMERICAN GIRL, its fascinating stories, its athletics and party pages and other big features. Tell them you are taking subscriptions and earning money by doing so.

Remember that any girl may subscribe whether or not she is a Girl Scout. Remember that mothers and fathers and aunts and all older relatives are pleased to hear about the magazine for a Christmas present or a birthday present.

What You Do

Write to the Earn-Your-Own Club, 670 Lexington Ave., New York City (or fill in this coupon), asking to be registered as a member. We will then send you your card of appointment, together with full information about how you may go to work. Good Luck!

The Earn-Your-Own Club, 670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.	Jan.
I, too, wish to earn money in the way you describe. Please enroll me as a member of the Earn-Your-Own Club.	
Name.....	
Street.....	
City.....	State.....

Tell all your friends to "Give 'The American Girl' for Christmas"



A Sweater for Winter Camping

The new official Girl Scout Sweaters come in brown and green heather color mixture to create a harmonious effect with the uniform. They are made of finest all-wool yarn and are knit in the popular shaker stitch that is used for all college and athletic sweaters. They fit snugly and give warmth without bulk, as well as hard wear.

Two styles, coat and slip-over. Slip-over model with roll collar illustrated above.

Sizes 32-40 (Slip-over) • • \$7.00
 " 32-40 (Coat Model) • 8.00

Order from

National Equipment Department
 670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

MIDGET NAME CARDS

Trade Mark. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book
 Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 1/2 x 3/4, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*
MIDGET CARD SHOP
 156 Main Street Greensboro, R. I.

GIRLS EARN MONEY

Under approval of Captain Selling

Highest Grade Assorted 5c

CHOCOLATE COVERED BARS

18 Varieties

Offer good east of Mississippi River, north of Georgia

30 days to pay Mail coupon

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Please send information regarding your money-earning plan for societies, etc.

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PLAYS

For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, For the Home or School Room, Dialogs, Speakers, Monologs, Minstrel Opening, Choruses and Blackface Plays, Recitations, Drills, How to Stage a Play. Make-up, Catalogue FREE.
 T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 27 CHICAGO

Two Delicious Candies

Selected for us by Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

Vanilla Caramels

1 cup sugar 1 1/2 cups cream
 1/2 cup corn syrup 1 teaspoon vanilla

Put sugar, corn syrup, and half a cup of cream in saucepan, stir until sugar is dissolved, bring to boiling point, and boil until mixture will form a soft ball when tried in cold water. Stir gently and constantly to prevent burning, making the spoon reach all parts of the bottom of the saucepan. Do not beat, as beating may cause the candy to become granular. As soon as candy forms a soft ball add another half cup of cream. Boil until it again forms a soft ball in cold water, add remaining cream, and boil until candy will form a decidedly firm ball when tried in cold water. The caramels when cold will be of the same consistency as this firm ball. Pour caramel into buttered pan seven inches square. When cool, cut in squares, and wrap in wax paper. If caramel should get sugary, return it to kettle, add more cream, and boil again. If all the cream is added at once, caramels may be made in a shorter time, but they will not be so rich and creamy.

Caramels are a welcome change from the ever present, and always popular, chocolate fudge that every girl makes.

Atlantic City Salt Water Taffy

1 cup sugar 1 tablespoon butter
 1/2 tablespoon corn-starch 1/2 cup water
 3/4 cup corn syrup 1/2 teaspoon salt
 flavoring

Mix sugar and cornstarch, put in saucepan, add corn syrup, butter, and water. Stir until boiling point is reached, and boil to 256° F., or until it forms a firm ball when tried in cold water. Add salt, pour on greased slab or agate tray, and when cool enough to handle, pull until light-colored. Divide in separate portions, and color and flavor each portion as desired, while it is being pulled. Lemon, orange, peppermint, lime, strawberry, or pineapple flavors may be used, and pink, green, yellow, or orange color paste.

To make red striped kisses have one portion of candy colored bright red and kept warm near the oven. Lay the large piece of pulled taffy on the slab; on the upper side two or three parallel strips of red taffy; turn the piece over and lay two or three red strips on that side. Pull out until one and one-half inches wide and three-fourths inch thick. Cut in pieces with scissors, and wrap in wax paper.

Sell Calendars Like These

And earn money for your troop

The Oranges have sent in a clever calendar idea. Their calendars were printed, but there is no reason why you could not carry out the same idea with hand-drawn and hand-lettered pages. The first page has no calendar upon it, but is labeled the "Girl Scout Calendar." Below, is the trefoil and the Girl Scout pledge. On each of the following pages are to be found the calendar dates for two months. The months appear at the lower left-hand and lower right-hand corners of each page. At the top, left, is "January Engagements"; at the top, right, "February Engagements"—and so on. Between the clear spaces left for engagements appears one of our Girl Scout silhouettes.

And under the silhouette on the first page are our motto and our slogan. And upon the succeeding pages, under the silhouettes, are two of our Laws. In this way the ninth and tenth Laws appear upon the page which gives the calendar dates for November and December. A last page is left entirely clear for Memoranda. Our Girl Scout silhouettes are easily obtained from the National Equipment Department, the series of Jessie Gillespie postals. If you wish to have a printer print your calendar, you may have a cut made from the postals by which the printer will be able to reproduce the silhouettes upon each page of your calendar.



Out with your Cameras!

Yes, another big camera contest—and what fun! Turn to page 26 and you will find it all explained. Almost any good snapshot which you have taken will be eligible, for the subject of the contest is, *Merit Badges Come to Life*. Of course you have the idea already! A swimming picture—for the Swimmer's Badge. A gardening picture—the Gardener's Badge. There is scarcely any snapshot which you have ever taken at camp or hiking or right in your yard at home which does not illustrate some

Merit Badge. And not only are the best pictures to be published in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, they are to be on exhibition at our next Girl Scout Convention this spring in St. Louis, where Miss Arnold, our President, and Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Rippin and our hundreds of Girl Scout leaders will be sure to see them. Out with your cameras. Out with your collection of snapshots! It doesn't matter when you took the pictures—just so you, yourself, did it! Send them in at once—they may win a prize.

The mystery of the bracelet is unraveled—in February

Free Gifts for Girl Scouts

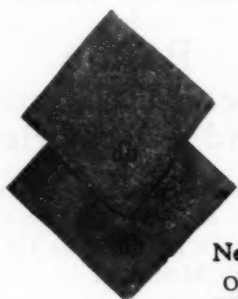
Earn your own equipment. THE AMERICAN GIRL will give it to you for securing new subscribers. All it requires is a little of your time and effort. Girls will be glad to subscribe, and their mothers will welcome THE AMERICAN GIRL as just what they have been looking for, interesting reading for their daughters.

When you have secured a new subscriber send us at once her name and address and the correct amount of money (\$1.50 for a yearly subscription, or \$2.00 for 2 years). Her magazine will start at once and we will credit the amount towards the premium you designate. Begin now to earn premiums. This is the best magazine season. For a complete list of our premiums see page 47 of this issue.

Handkerchief

A khaki handkerchief will make a most popular gift. It is the little touch that carries out the uniform effect. Linen or cotton, embroidered in black with trefoil seal.

Given for securing one new yearly subscription to The American Girl.



Neckerchief

Official Girl Scout neckerchief. Half

square (cut on diagonal) of high grade mercerized cotton; trefoil emblem in black. Comes in following colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black, and yellow. Specify the shade you wish.

Given for securing 1 new yearly subscription to The American Girl.



Midget Pin

Girl Scouts, Leaders, Commissioners, Council Members and other persons actively interested in Girl Scouting now may have a tiny golden trefoil to wear when not in uniform. Just like the Tenderfoot pin, only smaller in the size you see above. Gold filled. If you choose this premium to give to a Girl Scout friend, be sure to tell us her name. Pins are given only to Girl Scouts and we must check her name with our records.

Given for securing 1 new yearly subscription to The American Girl.



Ring

Trefoil seal ring in attractive velvet lined box. Sizes 3-9.

10k gold given for securing 10 new yearly subscriptions or 8 new two-year subscriptions.

Silver for 4 new yearly subscriptions or 3 new two-year subscriptions.

Knife

Knife with trefoil seal, stag handle, and large blade of finest steel, which takes an edge. Has screw-driver, bottle and can opener, punching blade and ring for belt. Men and boys, as well as Girl Scouts, will appreciate this piece of equipment. Anybody who knows and wants a good knife will value it.

Given for securing 4 new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl or 3 new two-year subscriptions.



Wrist Watch

This Ingersoll radiolite wrist watch is a reliable timepiece that tells time day or night on account of its luminous face. It is attractive in appearance, with its gun-metal finish and suede wrist strap. An appropriate, useful present for any one, whether a Girl Scout or not.

Given for obtaining 11 new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl, or 8 two-year subscriptions.



Whistle

A whistle will make an appropriate small gift for the toe of some Girl Scout's stocking. It comes with gun-metal finish, marked with trefoil emblem. Has ring for attaching to belt hook or lanyard. Useful for troop meetings or summoning help in emergencies. Has good clear tone.

Given for securing 1 new yearly subscription to The American Girl.



Sewing Kit

Inspool sewing kit will be a handy present for any one. It contains pins, self-threading needles, one spool khaki thread, and thimble, which is top of kit when closed. This sewing kit is useful for a school girl's desk, to tuck in the week-end bag, or for camp. The men of your family will welcome its self-threading needles for their hunting or motor camping kits. Easy to earn.

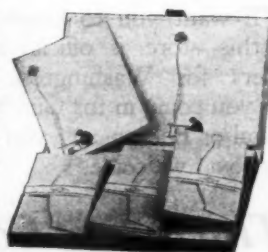
Given for only 1 new yearly subscription to The American Girl.



Stationery

Official Girl Scout stationery; 24 sheets of excellent quality cream-colored writing paper with envelopes to match. Paper stamped in brown with silhouette drawing, featuring trefoil seal. A most popular item of equipment, due to its attractiveness, and the Girl Scout touch it adds to letters.

Given for 2 new yearly subscriptions to The American Girl or 1 new two-year subscription.



See page 2 for more premiums



THE WAY IN SCOUTVILLE

In Brooklyn—

Official headquarters for Scout clothing and accessories is in Brooklyn's largest Store—where a special department awaits you.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.
BROOKLYN

Girl Scouts, Listen!

WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

Samter Bros. Co.
Scranton, Pa.

Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Girl Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

The Hecht Co.

7th Street, at F Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.



A Knife for All Knife Needs

For camp, hike and handicraft needs—

Whenever you need a knife, you need a good one. And to a Girl Scout that means her own official knife.

It is made of finest, keenest steel. It takes an edge and keeps an edge, a great consideration for handicraft. And it is almost a tool chest, with its punch blade, screw-driver, bottle opener and can opener.

*Order from your local
equipment agent or from*

**National Equipment
Department**

**670 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.**

Girl Scouts of Orange County

*For That New Uniform
Or Other Equipment*

Go to STERN'S
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Jordan Marsh Company

**Official Headquarters
in
Boston
for Scout Apparel
and Accessories**

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment, is located on the Third Floor, Main Store.

Cincinnati Headquarters for Girl Scouts

This big, bright, beautiful store is official headquarters for the Girl Scouts in Cincinnati. All your official requirements very readily taken care of on the second floor of Cincinnati's Greatest Sporting Goods Store.

**The
Bolles-Brendamour
Company**
130-135 East Sixth Street

The Golden Rule

**Official Headquarters in
Saint Paul, Minnesota**

Official Girl Scout Store of Minneapolis

Dayton's specializes in all Juvenile needs in the Children's Own Store—2nd Floor.

The Dayton Company

Patronize the equipment agent in your town

The Inn at East Kent

(Continued from page 12)

we can't prove it, for it was empty when I looked in, but he'd had ample time to slip out and away while we were engaged in examining Sandy's room. Also I found this morning a cellar window open on the far side of the house, the one on the other side from where my car stood. I rather think the intruder hadn't seen the car and didn't realize you had visitors last night—or he mightn't have tried his little racket. The ground around the window is rather trampled, as if some one had gotten in and out in haste."

"It wasn't so yesterday," declared Mrs. Haley, "for I saw that they was all shut last afternoon."

"One more thing then," said Mr. Creighton. "I think I have also the explanation why Mr. Sam Burbidge was so anxious to invest in this property. It wasn't because he wanted to start a small stock-farm—oh, not at all! Mr. Burbidge is a chemist and doubtless discovered long since exactly what I did this morning. I advise you not to sell your property, Mrs. Haley, not under any consideration. The soil on your farm contains, if I am not mistaken, an outcrop of the most valuable variety of fine pottery clay. I've had considerable experience in the analysis of just that kind of thing, and was attracted first by the sample of it that I brought in on my shoes last night. This morning I investigated more thoroughly and found the whole westward portion of your land consists of just that commodity. I'll send a state chemist down here to analyze it tomorrow, if you like, and after that you can count on it that you may live in comfort anywhere you wish, for a long time to come. I congratulate you on the successful ending to your ghost-story, Mrs. Haley!"

The family sat in a stunned silence for several minutes after his astonishing announcement. All seemed too overcome by the new idea to utter a word. But the silence was suddenly broken by Susie, who jumped up and shook her mother by the shoulder.

"My goodness!" she panted. "Let's celebrate! Let's kill that old hen that's been walking around here since summer and have a regular feast. For I'll be going to Richmond to college this very winter!"

"And that reminds me," smiled Mr. Creighton, turning to Alisande, "that I got your mother on the telephone, down at the general store this morning, and she'll be expecting us before nightfall."

As the car slowly started on its journey, an hour or two later, Alisande leaned out of the window and squeezed once more the hand of Susie, thrust in to her. "Good-bye, Susie! All luck to you in Richmond, and don't forget to write to me very often." And then, mischievously, she added, "By the way, do you still believe in ghosts, Susie?"

"Not any more," laughed Susie Haley. "You cured me of that. But I *do* believe in being thankful!"



In One Troop—Three Bugles Free

This is troop 10 of Scranton, Pennsylvania, with their bugles awarded them by THE AMERICAN GIRL for securing new subscribers. Your troop—any troop—may have a bugle without taking one cent from the treasury. Bugles now retail in our Equipment Department for \$5.00 each. THE AMERICAN GIRL will award one for twelve new yearly or nine new two-year subscriptions.

That is only a few divided among a troop. Perhaps there are now that many non-subscribing among you. Sign them up first, or as many as possible, then go to other girls. *They do not have to be Girl Scouts.* THE AMERICAN GIRL is produced for all girls.

A Bugle Isn't All

Do not stop at a bugle. You will find this so easy that you will wish to go on to other equipment, whether for your troop or for yourself. For your convenience we are reprinting a complete list of all premiums offered by us, together with the number of one and two-year subscriptions required for each. Keep this list. Note that it is divided into one-year and two-year subscriptions. Some girls are not reading our instructions carefully and are sending in one-year with two-year subscriptions. Do not do this.

Send in each new subscription as soon as you secure it. We can thus start the magazine at once on its way to our new reader. And we will credit this subscription towards the gift you have chosen.

Our Premium List

Article	\$1.50 subs.	\$2.00 subs.
Long Coat Suit.....	9	7
Short Coat Suit.....	10	8
Bloomers.....	12	9
Knickers.....	5	4
Middy.....	6	4
Hat.....	5	4
Neckerchief.....	4	3
Neckerchief (silk).....	1	
Raincoat.....	5	4
Coat Sweater.....	12	9
Slip over Sweater.....	20	15
Song Book.....	18	14
American Flag.....	1	
Troop Flag.....	9	7
Troop Pennant.....	14	11
Flag Carrier.....	4	3
Flag Set.....	7	5
Staffs (Jointed with spiral G.S. emblem).....	3	2
(Jointed with eagle).....	17	13
(Jointed with Spear).....	12	9
G. S. Emblem.....	9	7
Eagle Emblem.....	9	7
Spear Emblem.....	7	5
Camping Out.....	4	3
Camp & Field Note Book.....	5	4
First Aid Book.....	4	3
Handbook.....	3	2
Scout Law poster.....	3	2
Axe.....	1	
Blankets.....	5	4
Bugle.....	16	12
Toilet Kit.....	12	9
Canteen.....	6	5
Compass.....	7	5
First Aid Kit.....	5	4
Flashlight.....	3	2
Handkerchief.....	4	3
Haversack.....	1	
Knife.....	7	5
Mess Kit.....	5	4
Poncho.....	4	3
Ring.....	3	2
Sewing Kit.....	4	3
Stationery.....	10	8
Stockings.....	1	
Sun Watch.....	2	1
Wrist Watch.....	3	2
	11	8

A mix-up at a high school masquerade—in February

Standard Price List Continued

Literature		Price	Price		
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Washington Little House (Exterior)	\$0.03	Cuts	
Brownie Pamphlet15	Washington Little House (Doorway)03	Running Girl	\$1.00
Brownie Report75	Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price)05	Trefoil75
Blue Book of Rules25	"A Girl Scout is Cheerful" (By M. E. Price) ..	.03	First Aid Kit with Pouch	1.30
Camping Out (By L. H. Weir) ..	2.00	"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted" (By M. E. Price) ..	.03	Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra ..	.50
Campward Ho!75	"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals" (By M. E. Price) ..	.03	First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.90
Camp and Field Notebook Cover ..	.50	Posters—		Flashlights, Small size	1.35
Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year25	New Building Poster 9¼ x 11¼ ..	.10	Flashlights, Large size	1.70
Community Service Booklet—		Per dozen	1.00	Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem:	
Each10	Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke)15	Linen35
Per dozen	1.00	Girl Scout Poster (large)20	Box of three	1.00
First Aid Book—		Girl Scout Poster (small)10	Cotton20
New Edition	1.05	Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters ..	6.85	Box of six	1.00
Girl Guide Book of Games50	Producing Amateur Entertainments (By Helen Ferris) ..	2.50	Haversacks, No. 1	3.00
Girl Scout Handfacts	2.35	Scout Laws		No. 2	2.00
Health Record Books, each10	Poster size50	Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair ..	.25
Per dozen	1.00	Small size15	1 Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36 in. wide ..	.40
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover ..	1.10	Scout Mastership	1.50	Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide ..	.60
Flexible Cloth Cover80	Short Stories for Girl Scouts ..	2.00	Knives, No. 1	1.60
English Girl Guide75	Troop Management Course75	No. 2	1.05
Home Service Booklet, each10	Troop Register (Field Notebook Size)	2.05	Sheath Knife	1.60
Per dozen	1.00	Additional Sheets		Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces ..	3.00
Knots, Hitches and Splices55	Cash Record		Mirror—Unbreakable25
Life Saving Booklet15	(15 sheets)25c. package	† Patterns—	
Nature Projects—		Per sheet (broken pkg.)3c. ea.	Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42 ..	.15
Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with notebook cover ..	1.50	Treasurer's Monthly Record		Norfolk Suit, 34-4225
Projects, each40	(30 sheets)25c. package	Poncho (45x72)	3.50
Rock, Bird, Tree and Flower instruction sheet10	Per sheet (broken pkg.)2c. ea.	Poncho (60x82)	4.75
Star Project20	Treasurer's or Scribe's Record		Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
Ye Andree Logge75	(15 sheets)25c. package	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
Pageant—		Per sheet (broken pkg.)3c. ea.	Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in.15
Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence Howard)50	Individual Record		Lots of 5 or more, each10
Patrol Register, each15	(30 sheets)25c. package	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt50
Patrol System for Girl Guides ..	.25	Per sheet (broken pkg.)2c. ea.	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard ..	4.75
Plays, each15	Troop Advancement Record		Sewing Kit, Tin Case25
By Mrs. B. O. Edey		3c. a sheet		Aluminum case50
Why They Gave a Show and How ..		Troop Reports		Girl Scout Stationery55
Each15	(30 sheets)25c. package	Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11 ..	.55
In lots of ten or more10	Per sheet (broken pkg.)2c. ea.	Sun Watch	1.00
How St. John Came to Bencher's School ..		Miscellaneous		Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold)02
By Oleda Schrottkey		Axe, with Sheath	\$1.85	3 for05
A Pot of Red Geranium ..		Belt Hooks, extra05	12 for15
Why the Rubbish?		Blankets—4-pound grey	6.50	100 for	1.00
Everybody's Affair		Bugle	5.00	Thread, Khaki spool15
When the Four Winds Met ..		Braid—¼-inch wide, yard10	Per dozen spools	1.20
By Margaret Mochrie		† Buttons—Per set25	† Uniform Make-up Sets—	
Magic Gold Pieces		10s—6 L to set—dozen sets ..	2.75	Long Coat Uniform70
Post Cards—		Camp Toilet Kit	2.35	1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
Set of Six (Silhouette)10	Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	1 Pair Lapels	
1 dozen sets	1.00	Tin	2.00	1 Spool of Thread	
Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken)20	Compass, Plain	1.00	1 Set of Buttons	
Building	2 for .05	Radiolite Dial	1.50	No make-up sets for middies and bloomers	

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with a †.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Ave. New York City

Above Prices are Postage Paid



Introducing— a true Woodsman's Knife for Girl Scouts

This new Girl Scout sheath knife is a true woodsman's knife, ideal for winter camping. Just the thing to slip on your belt for hike or camp. There it will be always open and ready for rough work.

It has many uses such as cutting sticks, slicing bread and bacon or peeling potatoes.

It is a practical and sensible tool, being the right size and shape for a girl's hand. Its handle of polished hard wood is perfectly curved for a comfortable grasp. Its thin, keen blade of the best steel is pointed and beveled at the back. Its sheath is of stout tan leather, sewed and riveted and enclosing the whole blade.

A strap with snap fastening holds the knife steady in the sheath and slits accommodate the belt. Price, \$1.60

Order from your local Equipment
Agent or from

National Equipment Department
GIRL SCOUTS, INC.
670 Lexington Ave. New York, N. Y.

STAMPS

The Pathfinder Album,

50 Stamps and 100 Hinges Free to all Girl Scouts. Send 10c to pay cost of postage and packing. Have you some stamps which you cannot classify? We will assist you.

C. H. Hollister Mukwonago, Wis.

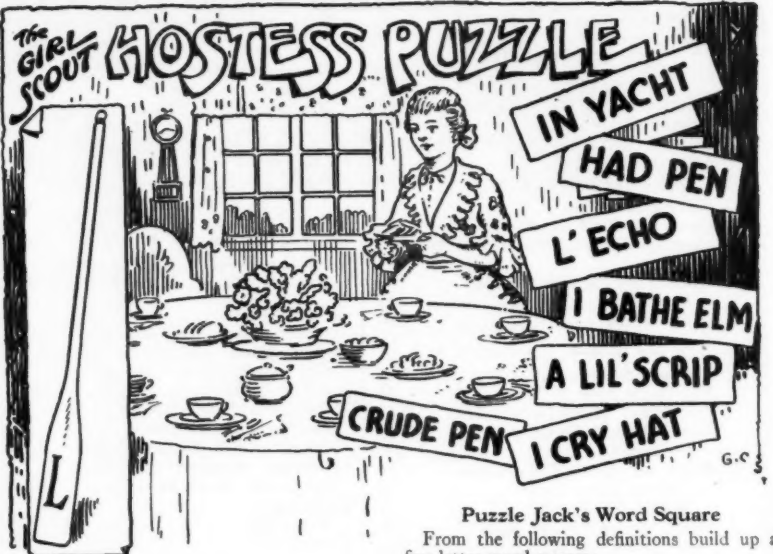
ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c
Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (pre war) value of forty million dollars (interesting!); perforation gauge and mm. scale; small album; 2 approvals; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps; from Travancore, Johore, Dutch India, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants. Extra premium this month only.

Nice pocket stock book, incl. 85c. with every order.
ANCHER STAMP CO.
148a Clerk Street Jersey City, N. J.

FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET

Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belgium (Satan with pitchfork); Barbadoes (chariot and flying horses); Chili (battle scene); Egypt (sphinx and pyramids); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chain); Newfoundland (wild caribou); Malay (ferocious tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunis (fighting Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c. this great packet will be sent.
Pikes Peak Stamp Co., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo. Important: If you act right now we will also include free a triangle stamp, perforation gauge, and a small package of hinges.

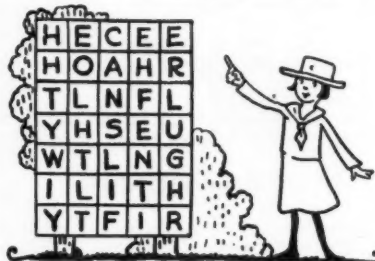
OUR PUZZLE PACK



A Hostess Puzzle

Puzzled Jill makes a charming little hostess, and she is here preparing a tea table in special honor of one of her friends who with seven other girl friends will make up the party.

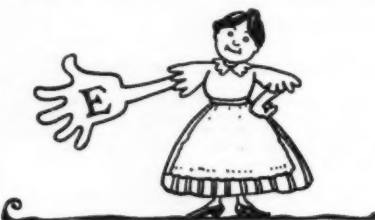
The name of the guest of honor is given in rebus or picture puzzle form in the long panel above. Puzzled Jill is putting place-cards on the table. Seven of her friends have real old-fashioned names, so she has made up the cards in anagram form, as shown on the right. Rearrange the letters in their proper order and see if you can make out their names.



Girl Scout Puzzle Square

By LOIS MCGREGOR
Troop 5, Nutley, N. J.

Move as a king in chess, that is, to any adjoining square in any direction, and spell out five words, each one being something every Girl Scout should be.



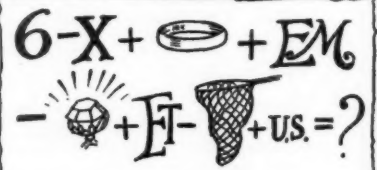
A Girl Scout Rebus

The above picture puzzle, or rebus as it is properly called, represents the name of a subject for which a Girl Scout can win a merit badge.

Puzzle Jack's Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

- A band instrument (plural).
- Style of ancient writing.
- A relative.
- A kind of straw.
- To smell.



Puzzle Sum

By adding and subtracting the names of the various objects pictured above, make the name of a bright and well-known star.

Curtailed Word

From a word meaning two, take away a letter and leave a word meaning double. Take away still another and leave to achieve. Another one leaves a proposition.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time transform GLIDE into SKATE in eight moves.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT PUZZLE: Begin at the upper "T" and make the answer: "Through the Looking Glass." The rebus picture represents "The Seven Dwarfs."

PUZZLE JACK'S WORD SQUARE:
R E S T S
E T H I C
S H E A R
T I A R A
S C R A P

ADD A LETTER: Dickens.

A GIRL SCOUT REBUS: Citizen.

ENIGMA: Gladima Scout.

PUZZLE SUM: Match — mat + and — hand + years — ears + press = CYPRESS.

WORD JUMPING: Moon, moan, mean, meat, seat, sear, star.

This year, make your own Valentines. See our February issue



Vassar starts
our Athletics
Series in Feb-
ruary

Some 1926 Authors— You Asked for Them!



Ralph Henry Barbour

Baseball practice on a spring day, the quick rush of hockey, the tenacity of the big football game, of team pitted against team, the eagerness of school spirit—nobody can write so absorbingly of these as Ralph Henry Barbour, more of whose stories will appear in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* in 1926.



Augusta Huiell Seaman

The keen wits of clever girls, adventure, mystery, romance, Augusta Huiell Seaman is a wizard in concocting stories from these elements. Once more in our new serial she combines them enticingly for you.



Edith Ballinger Price

Our own Girl Scout authoress—"Eph"—as she is fondly called by her New England Girl Scouts—certainly knows Girl Scouting, and girls, and all the things that make good stories. You loved "Lucky Penny" and you will love the 1926 stories she has up her sleeve for you.

In 1926—Everything You asked for in our Contest

Take February as a sample

WHAT do girls like to read? We know because we asked you. "Stories—stories—stories!" you say. Stories of mystery, adventure, romance; stories of school and college, of clever girls who pit their nerve and energy against exciting circumstance. And after stories, Girl Scout news and pictures, art, poetry, athletics, handicraft, camping, puzzles, fashions, jokes—all this and much more we are giving you for 1926. Take February as a sample.

Mystery and Adventure in Our New Serial

What was the flutter of white that Dorita and Mariette saw on the fence post? A seemingly innocent paper, yet the writing on it was in code! It plunges these two likable girls and Dick Haydon into an absorbing mystery and chain of adventures such as only Augusta Huiell Seaman can write. Long nightly vigils, flashing lights, strange automobiles creeping up in the dark, strange men, all these bring excitement—and yes, danger—to the lonely farm house by the river and make "The River Acres Riddle" as exciting a serial as any we have yet published or Augusta Huiell Seaman yet written.

Boarding School, High School, and College Stories

There will be many of these most popular stories in 1926. For example, Katharine Haviland Taylor has written "The Début of Cecile Van Tyne" for February.

It all happened at a masquerade. Cecile went to the masquerade given by the Junior Class, happy over her original colonial costume. But the first thing she saw was another, exactly like it in style and material.

"What, ho!" exclaimed Helen Westbrook, the other girl. "We'll deceive every one. We're the same height!"

Cecile agreed, little thinking what was in store for her. All went well until Anne Woodie, the talker, poured into Cecile's ears a story meant only for Helen.

Nor is Bob Hartley, the football halfback, by any means an unimportant person to Cecile.

A Big Contest Coming

Still waters mirroring lacey trees, sea and swimming, lovely cloud formations, friendly domestic animals, and the strange creatures of the zoo. These nature photographs in February announce our big Camera Contest in which you will wish to join. Watch February for the rules and announcements.

College Athletes Tell You How

"How the Freshmen do pile out for basketball!" says Betty Small, the captain of the basketball team and one of Vassar's best athletes, in an exclusive interview for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* recorded in our February issue. This is the start-off of an absorbing athletics series unlike

any other ever published for girls. The excitement of team against team, their friendly rivalry, the stimulus of athletics and good, clean sportsmanship live in these pages that cover the whole world of girls' sports.

More of Becky Landers

Becky once more. Becky of the Christmas turkey in our December issue. Becky, who, for all her stalwart and hardy pioneer character, could not throw like a boy. How this fact leads her into an adventure with Indians and a renegade white man makes a fast moving and breath-taking tale—in February. This story is by Constance Lindsay Skinner, who knows pioneer America and pioneer girls as no one else does. And February will also contain an absorbing biography of Miss Skinner, whose life, although modern, matches Becky's for adventure and interest. It is written by Muna Lee, herself a well-known writer now making her bow in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Patsy Jefferson of Virginia

Another one of Katherine Dunlap Cather's charming heroines from American history is Patsy Jefferson, the beautiful daughter of Thomas Jefferson. The story of this spirited girl is played against a background combining the glitter and gaiety of the French court, the gracious life of Monticello, the Jeffersons' Virginia plantation, and the dignity of the White House.

Other Things

Who will be your valentine? Whoever it is, you will want our February issue, with its page of charming and original valentines you can make yourself. Our poem page, too, is a valentine, quaint, lacey, and delightful. And Puzzle Jack propounds a valentine for you. So sign the coupon quickly and subscribe or renew.

THE AMERICAN GIRL, Jan.
Girl Scouts, Inc.,
670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription right away so that I may not miss any of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*'s exciting features for 1926. I enclose
\$1.50 for one year (check or money order)
\$2.00 for two years

My name is

My address is

City.....State.....

Foreign postage 50c a year extra. Canadian postage 25c a year extra.

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Ready for Anything—She's in Uniform



COMFORTABLE, durable, practical, inexpensive, smart. These five words describe the Girl Scout uniform. When you are clad in it, you are ready for anything. And you know then you are truly a Girl Scout, because it is official.

You can tell it is official by the Girl Scout squares on the collar, by the buttons, and by the trefoil trade mark, stamped twice to the yard on the back of the khaki.

See price list for sizes and prices

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT, 670 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.

